

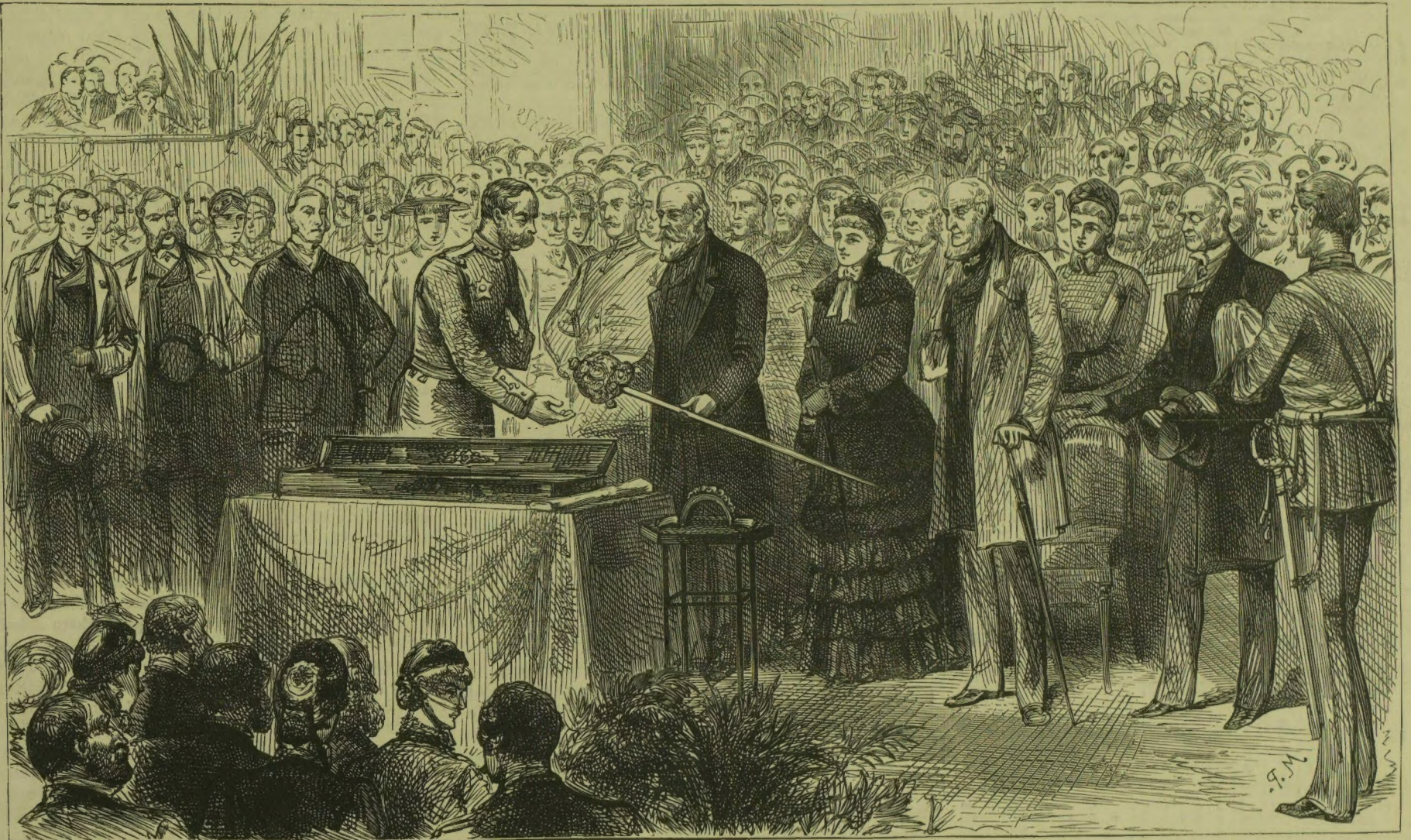
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

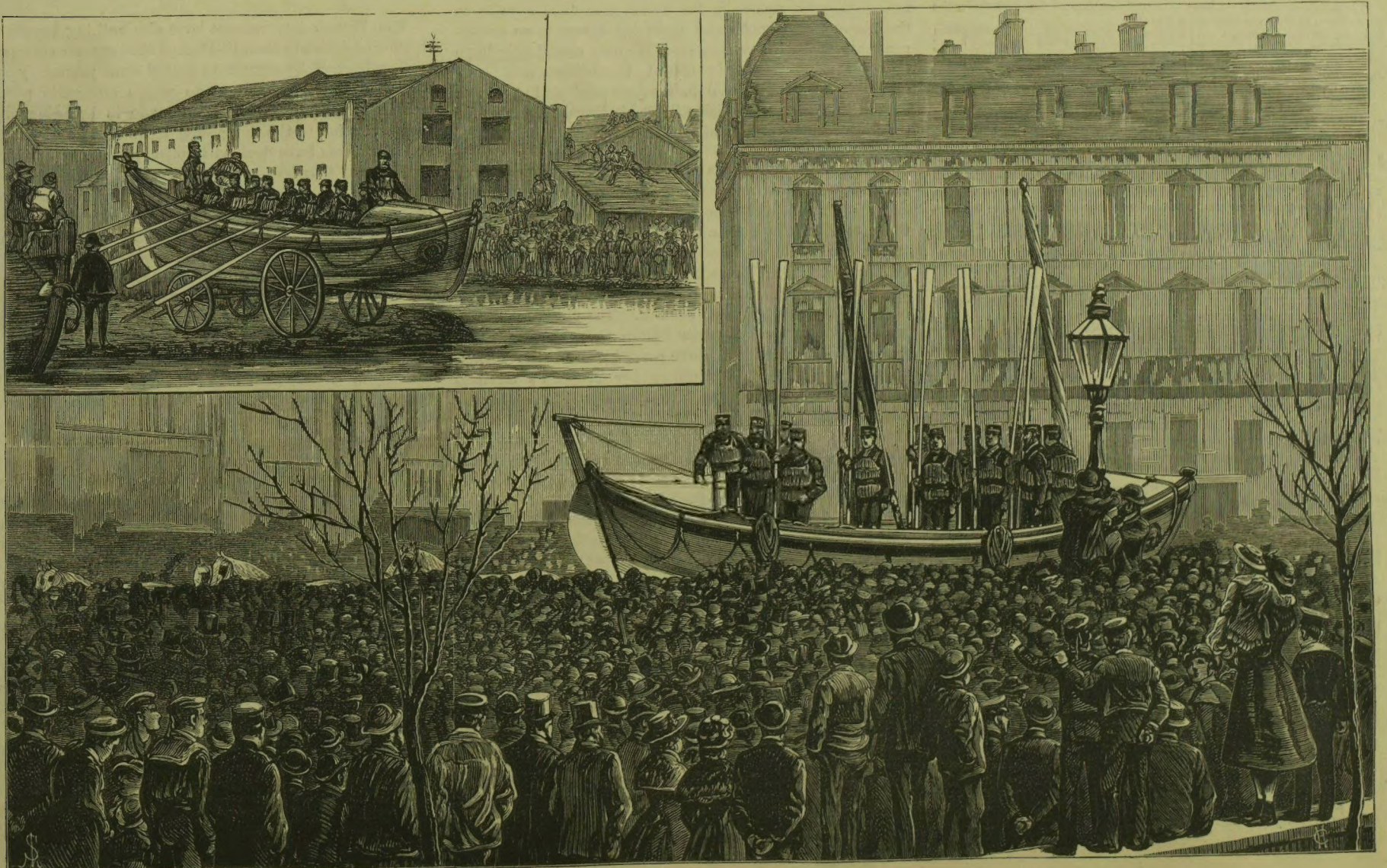
No. 2323.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS | SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



PRESENTATION OF A SWORD OF HONOUR TO SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON IN THE CITY HALL, GLASGOW.



A LIFE-BOAT IN MANCHESTER.

MARRIAGES.

On Aug. 15, at St. John's, Napier, New Zealand, by the Rev. De Berdt Hovell, Geoffrey, third son of T. H. Poits, of Ohinetahi, Canterbury, to Janie E. Waite, of Napier.

On the 23rd inst., at St. Stephen's, Dulwich, by the Rev. Herbert S. Swithinbank, M.A., Rector of Adwick-le-Street, brother of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. J. Meek Clark, M.A., Vicar of the parish, Harold W. Swithinbank, Lieutenant and Adjutant 11th (P.A.O.) Hussars, younger son of George Edwin Swithinbank, Esq., LL.D., of Ormleigh, Upper Norwood, to Amy, youngest daughter of J. C. Enno, of Wood Hall, Dulwich.

DEATHS.

On the 4th ult., at "Charlemont," Simla, East Indies, Clara Sophia Warwick, the beloved wife of Geo. Wm. de Rhé-Philippe, Esq., and youngest daughter of the late G. P. de Rhé-Philippe, Esq., of Gray's Inn-square, London, and Warwick Villa, Wood-green, Middlesex, and formerly of Wargrave, Berks. Deeply mourned by all who knew her.

On the 21st inst., at 27, Wellington-square, Ayr, Grace Allason, widow of the late William Craig, Esq., of Drumcavil and Shankramuir. Friends are requested to accept this intimation.

On the 21st inst., at Spofforth Hall, Yorks, Charlotte, the wife of George Manley, Esq. R. I. P.

On the 20th inst., at Brighton, the Most Hon. the Marquis of Donegal, in his 57th year.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 3.

SUNDAY, OCT. 28.
Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles and Martyrs.
Morning Lessons: Hosea xiv., or Isaiah xxviii. 9-17; I. Tim. v. Evening Lessons: Joel ii. 21 or iii. 9, or Jer. iii. 12-19; Luke xix. 28. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.; Rev. E. H. Gifford; 3.15 p.m.; Bishop Piers Claughton; 7 p.m.; Rev. M. MacColl.

MONDAY, OCT. 29.
Hare-hunting begins.
Albert, King of Saxony: accession, 1873.
Royal Academy, 8 p.m.—Professor Marshall on the Muscles of the Human Body; and on Friday.

TUESDAY, OCT. 30.
New moon, 11.57 p.m.
Annular eclipse of the sun; invisible in Great Britain.
Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dr. J. T. Abdy on Law (four days).
Brighton Races.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31.
Luis I., King of Portugal, born, 1848.
Fisheries Exhibition, closing ceremonies, Prince of Wales to preside.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1.
All Saints' Day.
Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.
Toxophilite Society: general meeting and annual dinner.
Hospital for Diseases of the Throat: annual meeting, 4 p.m.—Lord Calthorpe in the chair.
Races: Lewes Autumn Meeting.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, at Birmingham, 4 p.m.
Linnean Society, 8 p.m., Dr. S. M. Carl on Changes in the Fauna and Flora of New Zealand; and papers by Mr. J. S. Gardner and Mr. G. Lister.
Chemical Society, 8 p.m., papers by Dr. Divers, Mr. G. Dyson, and Mr. H. Yoshida.
Telegraph Engineers' Society, conversation, at South Kensington, 9.

FRIDAY, NOV. 2.
All Souls' Day.
Michaelmas Law Sittings begin.
Governesses' Benevolent Institution, general court, noon.
Philological Society, 8 p.m., papers by Dr. Weymouth and Prince L. L. Bonaparte.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3.—Meeting of the Long Parliament, 1640.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m., next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 p.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	
Oct 27	30.05	55.6	51.2	86	6	62.4	46.8	S.	323	0.340
28	30.08	52.7	45.3	78	6	57.1	48.8	W. S.W. S.	357	0.420
29	30.05	54.9	48.4	80	6	59.0	50.0	S.W. S.	455	0.070
30	30.15	52.8	41.2	67	7	57.9	49.5	S.W. W.	480	0.090
31	30.02	48.6	38.9	71	3	54.4	43.2	WSW.	393	0.040
Nov 1	30.07	49.8	48.1	94	9	57.5	47.4	WSW. S.W. W.	279	0.145
2	30.02	44.6	37.3	78	6	51.2	39.3	WSW. W.	175	0.010

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:

Barometer (in inches) corrected	..	29.84	29.70	29.380	29.483	29.958	29.880	29.711
Temperature of Air	..	50.2	53.2	57.3	55.0	49.1	47.9	47.9
Temperature of Evaporation	..	55.8	50.1	52.6	48.8	44.3	43.0	44.5
Direction of Wind	..	S.	S.	S.W.	WSW.	W.	S.W.	WSW.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
0 5 0 27	0 47 1	1 25 1	1 41 1	1 67 2	2 12 45	3 0 3 15 3 32 3 47

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.

Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY (except Brighton Race Days, Oct. 30 and 31).—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service every Weeknight (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), from Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 38s., 28s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Triumphant success of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE.

The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and THE RAIN OF TERROR.

with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo.

EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.

Omnibuses run from the Fisheries Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.
LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.—Will CLOSE, OCT. 31.
Open Daily, from Nine a.m. till Ten p.m., except Wednesday and Saturday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m. respectively.
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.
The Full Band of the GREENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from 2.30 to 4.45 p.m.
Admission One Shilling every day except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Children under Twelve, half price.

EVENING PETES.
On EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY the Exhibition will be open until Eleven p.m. The Band will play from 3.45 till 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated, under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fête on July 18.

THE ST. BERNARD CLUB'S SECOND EXHIBITION
OF ST. BERNARD DOGS will be held at the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HIDING SCHOOL, Knightsbridge (by kind permission of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G.), on OCT. 30, 31, and NOV. 1. About 300 of these magnificent Dogs will be on view.—Admission: On Oct. 30, from 10.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. (to view the judging), 6s.; 6 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., 2s. 6d. Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, One Shilling. Omnibuses to the "Fisheries" pass the door.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey, Author of "The Parvenu," &c., will be acted by Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerholm-Tree, Miss L. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sinden, and Mr. John Clayton. Box-office hours, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.40. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF THE MILLIONAIRE To-Day (Saturday), Oct. 27, and Saturday next, Nov. 3, at 2.30.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and Mr. Corney Grain's new Musical Sketch, ON THE THAMES. Concluding with a new second part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 6s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

Now Ready,

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

FOR 1884,

CONTAINING

SIX COLOURED PICTURES,

PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS' CHROMATIC PROCESS;

TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;

ASTRONOMICAL SYMBOLS AND REMARKABLE PHENOMENA;

And a great variety of Useful Information for Reference throughout the year.

Inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper.

Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, 2½d.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

Not the least interesting event of the past week has been the entrance of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales into Cambridge University. The Royal undergraduate, who was in the most private way accompanied to that seat of learning by his honoured father, has seen more of life than is usual with young students, and the experience he has gained in the wide world will, no doubt, be a material help in his Academic career. Prince Albert Victor while at Cambridge will not be an outsider, but is to reside within the precincts of Trinity College. There for some time he will, like other students, have to submit to the discipline of college life, and there also, we may hope, he will drink into the spirit of the illustrious men who have lived and studied within its classic walls. Trinity is redolent of traditions of Bacon, Newton, and Dryden, and, in more modern times, of Macaulay, Tennyson, Thackeray, Whewell, and Sedgwick. The young Prince, who is approaching his twentieth year, and is in the direct line of succession to the Throne, could not enter upon his career as an undergraduate under better auspices. We may confidently hope that his short Academic life at Cambridge, and subsequently at Oxford, will be a substantial and agreeable part of that training which will fit his Royal Highness for the high responsibilities of the future.

Cabinet Ministers are only mortals. Like ordinary men, they must sigh over the departing pleasures of the holiday season, and the stern necessity that obliges them to face the duties of their exalted position. No "Boy Jones" is at hand to reveal the secrets of the Cabinet Council of Thursday, at which may possibly have been decided—what has become a vital question—the order of business for next Session. The public will not, however, have long to wait before they know whether franchise extension is to have precedence in the Ministerial programme, or whether her Majesty's advisers will decide to give priority to their measures for reforming county administration and the creation of a great municipality for the metropolis. Possibly they may find means to combine the two methods of procedure, and thus give effect to the wishes of the Leeds Conference while endeavouring to realise their deferred list of practical reforms. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, in their forecast of the future, will not be able to take their cue from Sir Stafford Northcote. That indefatigable Opposition leader has been following an independent course. Having aroused the latent feeling of Ulster in favour of the Union, and thereby substantially strengthened the ties that unite England and Ireland, Sir Stafford has crossed St. George's Channel, and daringly endeavoured to convert Radical Welshmen to the Conservative creed. If the speeches of the right hon. gentleman are not fraught with fiery appeals, he has the courage of his convictions and a perseverance that is not daunted by discouraging obstacles.

Most people who are not ardent politicians would be content to forego for a time a reconstruction of our repre-

sentative machinery, if the delay would ensure such effective legislation as would bring about a reconstruction of the dwellings of the poor. Some time ago Lord Salisbury, referring to the fact that in Glasgow there were 41,000 families each living in one room, spoke of the housing of the working classes in our great cities as "one of the most burning questions of the time," and it appears that his Lordship is about to contribute a paper on "Labourers' Dwellings" to a monthly review. Public interest in the subject has been greatly stimulated during the past fortnight by the revelations that have been made relative to the moral and social degradation of "outcast London," and the misery and squalor caused in the back slums of the metropolis by overcrowding. The well-authenticated details that have been made public are truly "horrible and heartrending." The problem is not a new one. Acts of Parliament have been passed, under the auspices of Sir R. Cross and Mr. Torrens, for the purpose of pulling down pestilential rookeries; but they have been almost a dead letter, in consequence of the enormous compensation required by the owners of the "rotten rubbish," who thrive on the miseries of the poor. The vestries have failed to enforce the law for the repair or destruction of unhealthy dwellings, for the removal of nuisances, and against overcrowding. They are overborne by vested interests—which are sometimes their own—and the economical clamour of the ratepayers. Now that the public conscience is aroused, something may be done; and perhaps the suggestion of the Rev. Harry Jones for the appointment of a Royal Commission, empowered to compel evidence, is the most practical initial step that could be taken. And this could be done by the Government without waiting for Parliamentary sanction. If the whole truth relative to the loathsome dens in which the poor of London find a refuge—it would be a mockery to call them "homes"—were fully known, public indignation would soon sternly insist on their being swept away.

The French Legislature has reassembled at a serious juncture. M. Ferry puts a bold face upon the critical state of domestic and foreign affairs, but it will be seen in the course of the next fortnight whether he is a pilot that can weather a storm. Much will depend upon the readiness of the Chamber of Deputies to support the interpellation of M. Clemenceau and the Radical section condemning the aggressive foreign and colonial policy of the Government. It is, perhaps, too late to challenge the expediency of the expedition to Tonquin, where Admiral Courbet, with a force of some 7000 men, is about to commence an active campaign by an attempt to capture the strong position of Bac-Ninh. It is said, though the report is doubtful, that the Chinese will follow up this act of aggression by a declaration of war against France. The Prime Minister has to face other serious difficulties. The "rectified" estimates of the Minister of Finance, showing a surplus of £10,000, have been thrown overboard by the Budget Committee, who find there is an absolute deficit of nearly three millions sterling. The probable resignation of M. Tirard will all the more embarrass M. Ferry and his colleagues, because our neighbours are highly sensitive as to profligate expenditure and heavy taxation.

The French Government have also nothing favourable to report relative to their ill-starred Madagascar enterprise. If they have really agreed to award some pecuniary compensation to Mr. Shaw—as to which authentic news is lacking—no progress has been made in bringing about the submission of the unyielding Hovas. The new Queen and her chiefs have decided to offer passive resistance to the French invaders, and their resolution will be greatly helped by the unhealthiness of the climate during the rainy season that has set in. With his four ships of war, Admiral Galibert, the new commanding officer at Tamatave, proposes to bombard the southern ports of the island, as he has battered down those of the north-west; but apparently the result will be the same. The Hovas command all Madagascar except the coast line, and care little for foreign commerce. At present the material injury inflicted by the French has chiefly fallen on foreign traders—a grievance which is said to have elicited a formal complaint from Lord Granville, who states that the prolonged occupation of Tamatave has been ruinous to the commerce of "all nations."

More disastrous evidence of the activity of the volcanic forces that underlie the crust of the earth has been forthcoming during the past week. The terrible earthquake shocks—which have destroyed seven villages near Smyrna, caused a great loss of life, and left thousands of persons homeless—have been slightly felt over a wide area, including the north of Italy, Malta, and Gibraltar. The scientific diagnosis of these underground convulsions is even less understood than the origin of the cholera germ, upon which experienced German experts have lately thrown some light. But in the earthquake visitation in Asia Minor, as in the cholera epidemic in Egypt, British sympathy has been promptly evoked. The officers of our squadron in the Archipelago have rendered prompt help; Lady Dufferin has surprised the inert Turks of Constantinople by forming a committee of ladies to relieve the sufferers; while the Lord Mayor has consented to open a fund at the Mansion House.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Quiet reverence and dignified simplicity marked the entire ceremonial of the final inhumation in a marble sarcophagus in the chapel of the parish church of Hempstead, by Saffron Walden, of the leaden case containing all that is mortal of William Harvey, the illustrious Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, whose fame some sincerely-minded but misguided people have lately but vainly attempted to blacken, because, forsooth, Harvey, in the course of the studies necessary for the composition of his second great book, made experiments on the bodies of living deer, supplied to him by the King's command, from the Royal Chases. Why, Christopher Wren was a vivisector. Should that fact be allowed to diminish his renown as the architect of St. Paul's?

The lamentable condition into which the leaden case containing the remains of Harvey had been allowed to fall is fully described in Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson's book "A Ministry of Health," a work which also comprises an admirably picturesque sketch of the Discoverer's life and work. Dr. Richardson had repeatedly inspected the anything-but-weather-proof vault under the church at Hempstead, in which the leaden shell was going to wrack and ruin. There was a great crack in the upper surface; and the interior, from the frequent incursions of the rain, was half full of black mud. The Royal College of Physicians would have proceeded to the pious task of inhumation long ago; but it was necessary to obtain the consent of the representatives of Harvey's family, who are still in our midst. It was so far back as 1847 that Dr. Richardson first visited the vault at Hempstead. The "Ministry of Health" was published in 1879; but better late than never; it was no fault of the Royal College of Physicians that the accomplishment of this task was so long delayed; and now, all obstacles having been removed, they have accomplished it nobly.

Harvey's body was, most of us know, not confined, but "lapt" or "wrapped in lead"—the moulded metal envelope bearing a rude Egyptian mummy-case resemblance to the form and features of the sleeper within. The practice of wrapping corpses in lead is a very ancient one. According to tradition, the body of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, was conveyed to the monastery of Sheen, near Richmond, where it remained till the Dissolution. The monastery was plundered at that epoch; and Stow says:—

The King's corpse, wrapped in lead, was placed in a wasteroom amongst old timber and other lumber, and that he saw it there. When it was in this situation some of the workmen cut off the head; and Launcelot Young, Master Glazier to Queen Elizabeth, liking the sweet smell proceeding from the medicaments with which it was embalmed, took it with him to his house in Wood-street; but, becoming careless of possessing it, afterwards gave it to the Sexton of the Church of St. Michael, Wood-street, in order that he might bury it.

Some Scottish writers, however, maintain that James was not killed at Flodden, and that the embalmed body was that of a foreigner who fought that day in habiliments similar to those worn by the King, in order to divert the attention of the English archers from James. One writer asserts that the gallant and unfortunate Monarch made his escape to Jerusalem, and died there.

I am indebted for the above information to a volume entitled "The Churches of London: a History and Description of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of the Metropolis," by George Godwin, jun., F.R.S. and F.S.A., assisted by John Britton, F.S.A. London, 1839. When Mr. George Godwin, junior, published the work to which I refer he was only twenty-four. Rather an early age to become a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquarians, and to be an architect in full practice into the bargain. I notice, too, that in this same year, 1839, Mr. Godwin, junior, was one of the founders and the honorary secretary to the Art Union of London. And what, it may be asked, has the gentleman been doing during the last four-and-forty years? Well, he has been building churches and other edifices, and writing useful books (he won a medal from the Royal Institute of British Architects for an "Essay on Concrete" when he was only twenty), and in particular he has been, ever since 1844, editing *The Builder*. From the editorial chair of that journal Mr. George Godwin, no longer junior, but a universally respected senior, has just retired to enjoy, I hope, many years of learned leisure. More than once during his long, artistic, and honourable career he has done me a good and kind turn; and he has no sincerer nor grater admirer than I am.

General regret will be felt at the news of the death of Captain Mayne Reid, par excellence "the Boys' Novelist," to whose memory the *Times* has gracefully dedicated a leading article. A very various man was the deceased gentleman: a gallant soldier (he fought in the war between Mexico and the United States) and an indefatigable traveller in all parts of the world. I have been scanning a list of his dashing picturesque novels, thirty-eight in number, beginning with "The Rifle Rangers," published in 1849, and "Gwen Wynn: a Romance of the Wye," written in 1877. But he must have written more books since then; and, on the whole, I question whether Mayne Reid had not produced in his time nearly as much "copy" as Anthony Trollope justly boasts in his "Autobiography" of having achieved. I should say that among "Our Boys" the most popular of Captain Mayne Reid's tales is, next to "The Scalp-Hunters," "The Headless Horseman."

A correspondent asks me why the Chinese Ambassador should be styled the "Marquess" Tseng, why his consort should be called a Marchioness, and why one of the ladies of her suite should be termed a "lady-in-waiting?" Is it because she is a lady, and waits on the Marchioness, I wonder? I remember, at the time of our last war with China, how puzzled we all used to be about the personality of "the Prince of I," and where the principality of "I" was situated. I am quite as perplexed as to the *raison d'être* of the Tseng marquise.

Behold another correspondent, a lady, "L. E. B.," who writes—"Will you kindly tell me, in the 'Echoes,' the origin of the custom of driving a stake through the body of a suicide?" Dear Madam, I only know that the savage practice of ignominiously burying at the intersection of two (not four) highways and of driving a stake through the body of a suicide in whose case a Coroner's jury had returned a verdict of *felo de se* was abolished by 4 George IV., cap. 52, which directed that suicides should be interred at night, in a churchyard, but without any rites of Christian burial. The law has been recently further amended. Blackstone mentions that the Athenians used to cut off the right hand of a suicide.

Somewhat hard measure, I begin to think, has been and is being dealt out to the Dean of Bangor by the people who are so very fond of writing letters to the newspapers. It was immoderate, and not moderate, tea drinking that the Dean deprecated. I ventured to point out, here, that all that the very reverend gentleman had said on the subject of excess in tea drinking had been said, more than fifty years ago, and in more forcible language, by Cobbett. But I have since lighted on a much earlier caveat against too much tea, in a work called "Wholesome Advice against the Abuse of Hot Liquors, particularly of Coffee, Chocolate, Tea, Brandy, and Strong Waters, by Dr. Duncan, of the Faculty of Montpellier, Done out of French. London, 1706." The book is dedicated to his Serene Highness Philip of Hesse, Prince of Hirschfeld, and Count of Catezenellebegen.

Says Dr. Duncan of Montpellier:

A moderate use makes coffee, chocolate, and tea as healthful as Excess makes them hurtful. A judicious Physician may make great Advantage of 'em for the Cure of his Patients. To use them always, and never to use them, are both unreasonable extremes. They don't deserve the name of Poison no more (sic) than that of Panacea. Those who give them the former deprive those who believe it of the Benefit they might receive by the Moderate use of them; and those who give them the latter deserve no more Credit than Harlequin the Mountebank, who undertakes to cure all sorts of Pains with his Plaister. There are certain constitutions to which Coffee, Chocolate, and Tea never do Good. There are others to which they never almost do any Hurt. The touchstone is Experience, which is much surer than the Advice of the Ablest Physician.

A sensible *medico* Dr. Duncan, of the Faculty of Montpellier. Inside the cover of his book I find the beautifully engraved book-plate of Robert Frewen, M.D.

While Mr. Matthew Arnold has been telling the interviewers at New York that he hopes he shall like America, but that, after all, he thinks there "is no place to live in like dear smoky old London," a writer in the *Morning Post*, who has recently returned from the United States, has been recounting his experience of American cookery. He discourses solemnly of clams, soft-shell crabs, and terrapin. The last, properly cooked, he pronounces to be "a toothsome dish"; but the clam, in its raw condition, he scouts as "detestable." He admits that the mollusc is better when cooked and eaten *al fresco* at a clambake; but adds that the true clambake is only to be found on the coast of New England, where the clams are cooked in seaweed in a stone oven. The raw clam the sage of the *Post* stigmatises as "an unworthy dish wherewith to neutralise an appetite; and the 'soft-shell crab is equally unworthy, more especially, because it is uninteresting." These be hard words. But it is enough to break the tender top covering of a soft-shell crab to be told that he is "uninteresting." In the way of relevance, the rebuke reminds me of the climax of the famous American apostrophe (was it Josh Billings'?) to the "skeeters" or mosquitoes. "Besides, ye are not morial."

Talking last week of Turkish cookery and Soyer's comments thereupon, I hinted that some of the viands enumerated by Alexis the Good-Hearted were mysteries to me. Indeed, I was not at all certain that the names of many of the dishes did not in themselves constitute the richest of Turkish hashes. But I have made since then a rare *trouvaille* in the shape of an English translation of a Turkish Cookery Book, compiled from the best Turkish authorities, by Turabi Effendi, and dedicated to those Royal and distinguished personages, the guests of his Highness the late Viceroy of Egypt, on the occasion of the banquet given at Woolwich on board his Highness's yacht, the *Faiz-Jehad*, on the 16th July, 1862.

"Lumps of Delight," indeed, are the pages of this Ottoman cookery book. What do you think of Tripe soup with sauce; Bendle's Kebab, Roast Salmon, Priest's Stew, stewed sword-fish, fried mince-meat with eggs, Sheik's Roast, milk pie, Tartar pie, "Priest fainted," stuffed artificial fish, turnips dressed with curds, stuffed vine-leaves, "palas mond" (this seems to be a kind of dough-nut), "Judge-Strangler" ("Kadi-Boghan," a sweet dish), and Isaac's sweetmeat. Really I must try to get up a little *dîner à la Turque* before Christmas.

"Nominis Umbra" tells me that Byron was not the first to import the word "forte" into the English language; and that the word was used by that scurrilous but amusing buffoon, Peter Pindar, in one of his Odes (the fourth) to the Royal Academicians—

Yet Gains'brough has great merit too,
Would he his charming *fort* pursue.

I am obliged to "Nominis Umbra" for his information; but I "improve the occasion" by observing that I am resolved for the future not to take the slightest notice of anonymous communications. There is nothing to be ashamed of in having read Peter Pindar, or in wanting to know why the Speaker of the House of Commons wears a full-bottomed Georgian wig, and the Sword-bearer of the Corporation of London a fur cap shaped like an inverted quart pot without the handle. If my correspondents are unable to overcome their modesty to the extent of favouring me (in strict confidence) with their names and addresses when they are pleased to communicate with me, they had best not write to me at all.

A remark which I made last week touching tennis and football has very strikingly convinced me of the danger one runs in trusting too implicitly to dictionaries. It would appear that the writer in the *Saturday Review* was quite right in saying

(in the Rabelais article) that the "long-tennis" at which the youthful Gargantua played in the meadows was more like the Italian game of *pallone* than our lawn-tennis. At least twenty correspondents have written in confirmation of the *Saturday's* surmise. It will be sufficient to cite one, "Oxonian":—

I was at Milan in 1839 and saw a game played by a number of players on each side, outside the walls of the town. The game was called *pallone*. It was scored like tennis, 15, 30, 40, "advantages," &c. The feet had nothing to do with this Italian game. A net was hung up in the air on tall poles. I think the bottom of the net must have been seven or eight feet from the ground. The ball was like a small football; and it was "vollied" over the net, not under it, from wooden shields which covered the fore-arm and, I think, the closed fist. The ball was not allowed to touch the ground.

I have italicised the words describing the ball used at the Milanese *pallone* as a small one, for the reason that everybody who is acquainted with the rudiments of the Italian language is aware that *one* is an augmentative, and that *pallone* means a big ball. A balloon is *un pallone aerostatico*. But "Oxonian" saw *pallone* played with a small ball. On the other hand, "A. B. L." courteously tells me, on very high Italian authority, that the ball at *pallone* is struck with the fist; but that "the ball is so heavy that, unless it is struck with sufficient knack, the wrist is in danger of disturbance." This would seem to point to a big ball, and not to a small one.

I now turn to the lexicographers. Hear Millhouse, "Nuovo Dizionario Italiano e Inglese," Milan, 1881. "Pallone," large football; "pallonare," to play at football; "palloncino," small football. Next I turn to Graglia, "The New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Italian Languages," London, 1897. "Pallone," football. Finally, I take up Ferrari, "Nouveau Dictionnaire Italien-Français." "Pallone," balloon. And all the three lexicographers agree that tennis is "pallacorda." Trust not overmuch in dictionaries.

In the matter of that terribly logical lady and "heart of hearts," "W. S. B." (Hastings) points out that the expression is not only absurd but that it is a misquotation from Shakespeare. Hamlet (act iii. sc. 2) says to Horatio:

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart.

My correspondent remembers having heard the late Lord Hatherley (who was as familiar with Shakespeare as with the law) frequently allude to this common mistake. "W. S. B." avails himself of the opportunity to call attention to a widely prevailing Scriptural misquotation in the expression, "He that runs may read." The words in Habakkuk ii. 2, are, "He may run that readeth it."

Alluding to the recent announcement in a morning contemporary that "the remains of the late Mr. John Payne Collier were interred yesterday in Bray Churchyard, in the presence of a large number of spectators," "W. S. P." (Dublin) forwards me a cutting from an Irish paper, which quotes from the *Eastern Daily Express* thus:—"The Bray Colliery Disaster.—The remains of the late John Payne Collier were interred yesterday," &c., &c. "So much," adds my Hibernian contemporary, "for literary reputation at the age of ninety-four." But perhaps the "Bray Colliery Disaster" was written sarcastically.

One of the oddest misprints that I ever met with was in one of the volumes of the complete works of Thomas Fuller, author of the "Worthies," the "Church History," and many more tall folios. Many years have passed since, in the old reading-room of the British Museum, I looked into the edition in question; nor can I remember the name of the Editor. I have only a dim impression that he was a (then) celebrated scholar and divine. The misprint was in allusion to "the pets of Chatham." "Who, on earth, I asked myself, were 'the pets of Chatham'?" Of "Poll of Portsmouth Point," of "Susan from Deptford," and likewise of Sal, I had heard and read; but those "pets"? Suddenly it dawned upon me that the mysterious darlings must have been in reality the Pett family, who from generation to generation were noted shipbuilders in the Royal Dockyard, Chatham.

A gentleman (personally unknown to me) to whom I wrote privately on the subject of the derivation of the word "pony," has published my letter, *in extenso*, in the columns of a well-known West Country newspaper. He had no right to do so; but his unwarranted act may have amused him, while he does not hurt me. The Editor of the paper in which my letter is published is kind enough to add that I still write clearly "in spite of my years." Ah, he should have seen my handwriting when I was only eighty!

I read in the *New York Herald*:—

Mr. Edwin Booth, when told that a "guy hooter" was a regular attaché of a girls' baseball nine, and was hired to make boisterously funny remarks in order to excite the crowd to laughter, said that it was a good idea for the comedians. "Put a good infectious laughter into an audience," said he, "and it would be a tremendous help to a farcical performance."

What is the meaning of a "guy hooter"?

In the matter of "the Famous Signal"—"England Expects every Man will do his Duty." Has not the recent and still raging controversy on that moot point come a little too late? Surely the period to which "the Famous Signal" belongs is the time stupidly called "the Silly Season," for it is then that the newspapers can find the greatest amount of space for the discussion of questions of real historical, social, or antiquarian interest. I daresay that I have often told the story in print; but it may bear repeating that, when I was a small boy, I was acquainted with two very peppery old retired naval officers, one of whom was wont to declare that the last signal from Nelson's flag-ship before the battle of Trafalgar was, "Paint the hoops of your masts white"; while the other "old Salt" as stoutly maintained that the last signal was, "Have the people got their breakfast?" Both assertions were, of course, absurd; but they show how the "Famous Signal" was wrangled about nearly fifty years ago.

G. A. S.



THE BARKING AND PITSEA EXTENSION RAILWAY: VIEWS ON THE LINE.



Sailor Fusilier.

Marine Artillery.

Marine Infantry.

Foreign Legion.

Algerian Rifles.

FRENCH TROOPS FOR TONQUIN.

SKETCHES OF ANNAM, COCHIN CHINA.



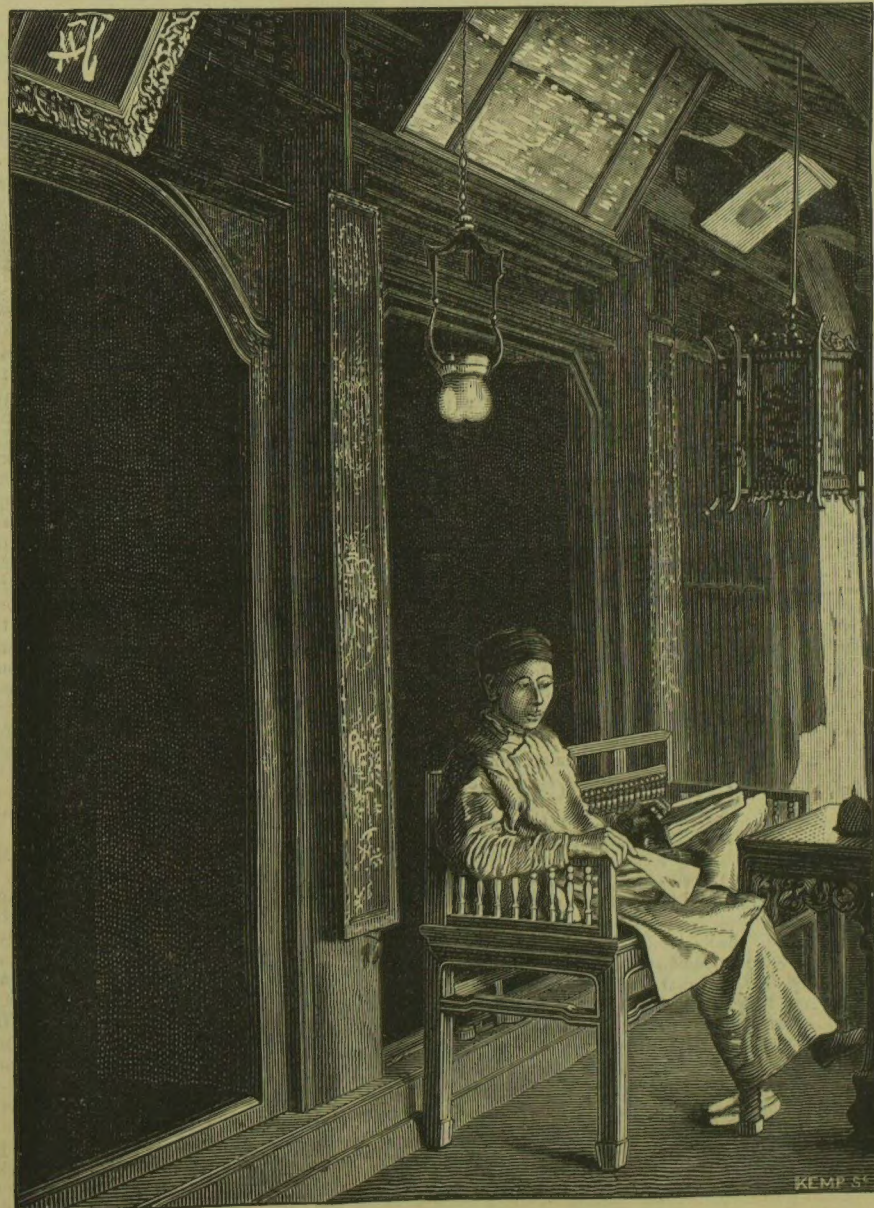
VILLAGE PATHWAY.



RIVER SCENE.



A NATIVE LADY.



A DOMESTIC INTERIOR.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON AT GLASGOW.

The presentation of a sword of honour to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, in the name of the citizens there who have subscribed for a testimonial on account of his services in Egypt, took place in the City Hall on Thursday week. It is one of the subjects of the illustrations on our front page. The sword is a beautiful specimen of artistic workmanship, designed by Mr. W. J. Milwain, and manufactured by Messrs. George Edward and Sons. The hilt, of gold, studded with pearls and Scottish gems, is ornamented with medallions displaying the Royal Arms of Scotland, and groups representing incidents in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, surmounted by an Imperial Crown, with Scotch thistles and acanthus. The steel blade is etched and enamelled with various scenes of the campaign, and decorated in gold and colours; the scabbard also bears much appropriate ornamentation. Another presentation was made by Bailie Wilson, that of a splendid tiara of diamonds given to Lady Alison, who accompanied her husband in the City Hall. Sir Archibald returned thanks in an animated speech, describing the behaviour of the Highland Brigade at Tel-el-Kebir. It will be remembered that Glasgow was long the residence of his father, the historian of Europe during the great French Wars, who held the judicial office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire.

LAUNCH OF A LIFE-BOAT IN MANCHESTER.

Some interest was excited in Manchester on Tuesday week by the appearance of a life-boat in the streets, and its subsequent launch in the Rochdale Canal, near the London-road Station. This boat is the nineteenth presented to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution through the Manchester Branch. The crew of the Blackpool Life-Boat Station, in full costume, were in attendance to man the boat, which was accompanied, in the procession through the streets, by the brass band of the Certified Industrial Schools. Immense crowds lined the route, and the proceedings at the Rochdale Canal were witnessed by many thousands of spectators. The boat is the gift of Mrs. Charles Leigh Clare, in memory of her late husband; and the ceremony of naming was performed on her behalf by Mrs. S. L. Helm. The self-righting and self-emptying properties of the life-boat were practically demonstrated amidst the cheers of the assembled spectators. It was stated that the boats sent out by the Manchester Branch had been the means of saving 720 lives.

Our illustration is from a sketch, taken on the spot, by Mr. Arthur L. Hewlett.

THE BARKING AND PITSEA RAILWAY.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., at the pleasant Essex village of Upminster, about three miles south-east of Romford, the first turf was cut of a new line of railway direct from Barking to Pitsea, by which the journey between London and Southend will be greatly shortened, while this passenger line will be free, in comparison with the existing line running farther south through Purfleet, Grays, and Tilbury, from the inconvenience that might else be occasioned by the merchandise traffic of the new docks, now under construction on the banks of the Lower Thames. The Directors of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway have shown their sagacity and enterprise in promptly undertaking this desirable work, and their direct line to Southend, when completed, will probably cause an increased resort to that salubrious marine holiday-place, while it must confer great local benefits upon the intermediate rural district. Pitsea is situated on the existing line between Tilbury and Southend, twenty miles east of Barking in a straight line, and at the head of a creek which opens to Sea Reach between Thames Haven and Canvey Island. The proposed line passes by Dagenham, Hornchurch, Upminster, Warley, Dunton, and the Langdon and Laindon Hills, through a pleasant and fertile agricultural country, more attractive to view than the marsh-meadows near the river, and it will afford many agreeable residential sites. Hornchurch and Upminster are thriving villages of some antiquarian note, with several fine old mansions and wooded parks in the neighbourhood, and with memorials of an ancient Priory, at Hornchurch, where there is a stately Church of Decorated Gothic architecture, and some quaint old gabled houses. The ceremony at Upminster was performed by Mrs. Browne, wife of Mr. H. Doughty Browne, Chairman of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company, in the presence of her husband and of the other Directors, Messrs. Charles Bischoff, W. Ford, H. Oxenham, J. H. Reuton, and J. Turner, with the engineer and manager, Mr. A. L. Stride, the contractors, Messrs. Kirk and Parry, and many visitors and spectators. They were afterwards entertained by the Chairman at a luncheon.

TONQUIN AND ANNAM.

As it seems likely that there will presently be a renewal of the fighting in Tonquin, we present some illustrations of different types of the French military and naval forces engaged there, which will be much augmented by those sent out last month. Our sketches of the scenery and native population of Annam, or Cochinchina, to which the province of Tonquin geographically belongs, are continued in this number of our Journal. Tonquin, indeed, has been more subjected to Chinese influences than the southern provinces of Annam, but there is a general similarity of race, and of habits and manners, among the inhabitants of the coast-region, and on the banks of the great rivers, in this south-eastern peninsula of the Asiatic continent. The Shan and Lao highland tribes of the interior seem to be quite a different race.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

A view of this Cathedral, by the late Mr. S. Read, is presented for our Extra Supplement. It is an edifice which, besides containing some important Norman building in the piers of the nave, choir, and south transept, is rich in the Early English and in the Geometrical Gothic style of architecture. The Early English Lady Chapel is an excellent example of that period; but the North Transept, showing the transition to Decorated Gothic, is still more remarkable. Extensive "restorations" have been effected, not always with the best judgment, as in Wyatt's work from 1788 to 1797; but of late years, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, much has been done to remedy the mischief previously suffered. The Bishopric of Hereford is one of the most ancient in England, dating probably from the sixth century, or certainly from the seventh; it is now held by the Right Rev. James Atlay, D.D., who was consecrated in 1868, and who is the ninety-fifth in succession.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers for the City of London on Tuesday, it was determined to carry out the long-projected design for a new street from the Monument to Billingsgate.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

With all symptoms of success—and of a very brilliant success to boot—was received at the St. James's on Saturday, the 20th inst., the first performance in this country of "Young Folks' Ways," written by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. W. H. Gillette, and founded on the former's affecting novel of "Esmeralda." The house was crowded in every part, and in the stalls not only were the critics "all ranged, a terrible show," but there also, as in the stalls and private boxes, there was a dazzling array of rank and fashion. The story of the piece is a very simple, pretty, and touching one of the good old *Family Herald* pattern. I beg leave to observe that I mean this in compliment to, and not in disparagement of, the authors of "Young Folks' Ways." The stories in the *Family Herald* are generally pretty and sentimental, and are invariably pure and wholesome in tone. The plot of the new piece at the St. James's is innocence itself. In the back parts of the State of North Carolina (which Southerners pronounce "Car'lina," and not "Carolina," as was done by one of the characters on Saturday) there is an old settler named Rogers, who has been toiling any number of years at the thankless cultivation of a mountain farm, and who is blessed with a pretty daughter named Esmeralda, and afflicted with a termagant wife, who, having been "raised" at Elizabethville, a town, it is to be presumed, of considerable pretensions, and boasting, perhaps, a Grand Opera House, an Incorporated Bank, and an Orpheon Hall, is continually fretting and chafing at her lot at having to drag out existence in a log-cabin, doing "chores" and peeling potatoes. She partially consoles herself by continually bullying Mr. Rogers and scolding her daughter, who, with her mother's sullen consent, is affianced to a sturdy young backwoodsman, Dave Hardy, who seems to me a type more of Western than of Southern manhood. Meanwhile, a Yankee land speculator and mining surveyor, named George Drew, comes "prospecting around," and he, guessing that a valuable lode of ironstone is latent under Rogers's farm, proposes to buy it, "lock, stock, and barrel," for the paltry sum of one thousand dollars. Mrs. Rogers, who heartily hated the place, log cabin and all, would gladly get rid of it at any terms; but Mr. Eastabrook, a young gentleman of uncertain nationality travelling in North Carolina, and who knows Drew to be an unprincipled "cuss," forces him to cancel the first memorandum of agreement, and to give Mrs. Rogers a much larger sum for the house and land. The amount is not stated, but it is liberal enough to enable the Rogerses to decamp with bag and baggage from the States, and sail for Europe, leaving the unfortunate sweetheart Dave Hardy in the lurch. Esmeralda would never think of jilting her lover; it is the implacable Mrs. Rogers who breaks off the match between the two young folks. In the second act the Rogerses are "doing the grand" in Paris; and we are introduced to a remarkably merry family, the Desmonds, who inhabit a sumptuous studio, where they paint pictures—more, it would seem, "for the fun of the thing" than for profit—and entertain their friends at luncheon, especially Mr. Eastabrook, the young gentleman of leisure, returned from the States, who, of course, falls in love with Nora, the sister of Kate and Jack Desmond. These worthy people have nothing to do with the plot; but they are all, apparently, born match-makers, and they devote their energies to the task of uniting Esmeralda to Dave Hardy, who has wandered, broken-hearted and destitute, to Paris, where he is fortunately discovered by Eastabrook. But the terrible Mrs. Rogers has determined that Esmeralda shall marry a French Marquis, who looks more like a French billiard-marker; and the passionate entreaties of her daughter are as ineffectual as are the timid remonstrances of her henpecked spouse to move her from her fell purpose. The course of true love is still destined to run smoothly in the long run. Eastabrook receives a letter from Drew, in which that "financier" states that the ironstone on Mr. Rogers's farm soon "g'in out," and that the old man is not worth a cent; but that prodigious metallic deposits have been found on the land belonging to Dave Hardy, who has, consequently, become a millionaire. These joyful tidings are broken by Nora Desmond to Dave much too early for the interest of the play, which thereafter drags somewhat wearily; and it is not until the fifth act that that intolerable Mrs. Rogers—having been previously denounced for her cruelty by her at length exasperated daughter—perceives that the tables are turned, that the fortune-hunting Marquis must be "run out," and that the young folks, Esmeralda and Dave, must have their way and get married. Of course Eastabrook wins Nora Desmond as his blushing bride; but no husband is provided for Kate. Ill-used maiden! But it was ever thus. Does not Stephano, in "The Tempest," tell us that Mall, Meg, Marian, and Margery all had swains, but that "none of us car'd for Kate"?

"Young Folks' Ways" was very prettily acted. Mr. John Hare, who made his most welcome reappearance, was perfectly marvellous in facial "make-up," in voice, manner, and gesture as Mr. Rogers, who, slavishly abject during three acts and a half in his deference to his shrew of a wife, at last turns—as the crushed worm is supposed to turn, but does not—makes a stand, and "puts his foot down" in a very remarkable manner indeed. Mr. Hare, I apprehend, is scarcely old enough to remember William Farren the Elder as Grandfather Whitehead; but he reminded me more than once, and very forcibly, of that consummate comedian. The inexhaustible energy, vivacity, and tried experience of Mrs. Kendal as Nora Desmond kept the ball merrily rolling when, as on several occasions was the case, it seemed to be assuming a stationary position. Mr. Kendal was easily frank and gallant as Eastabrook; and the love-making between himself and Mrs. Kendal was received with the usual delighted appreciation by an audience who have seemingly not yet been satiated with Benedick and Beatrice *plus* Modus and Helen *plus* Wildrake and Constance. Mr. Maclean was bluffly genial as Jack Desmond, the fifth wheel to the coach; and not enough was seen of Mr. Herbert Waring as the Down East land jobber George Drew. What Mr. Waring had to do, he did admirably. Miss Linda Dietz gracefully filled the small part of Kate Desmond; but Miss Webster was slightly disappointing as Esmeralda. As it was the first appearance of this young lady on the stage, we must needs be gentle with her, and she will doubtless improve with practice; but on Saturday she certainly did not appear strong enough to fill a part so prominent as that of Esmeralda Rogers. In the interest of the piece, it would have been better to have assigned her the modest and safe rôle of Kate Desmond. Mr. George Alexander was just a little too melodramatic in the broken-heartedness which he displayed as the cruelly "thrown over" Dave Hardy; but "Young Folks' Ways" is a piece in which strength does certainly not abound; and Mr. Alexander's forcible manner was here and again more advantageous than detrimental to the action of the drama. The most forcible and, unhappily, most disagreeable, character in the piece is the hard-hearted termagant Mrs. Rogers, played with wonderfully concentrated vigour and unrelenting emphasis by one of the ablest of living actresses, Mrs. Herman Vezin. She never faltered once in her admiral portrayal of the wordly-minded, hard-hearted, tyrannical wife and mother. She is as relentless as Lady Ashton in "The Bride of Lam-

mermoor." I am sorry that the authors did not see their way towards making Mrs. Rogers a step-mother. Under those circumstances, the scenes of recrimination between herself and Esmeralda, and the frenzied denunciation by the former of her merciless parent, would have been a little less repulsive than they were on Saturday. "Young Folks' Ways" was placed on the stage with equal splendour and good taste, and the stage management was faultless.

Want of space prevents me, until next week, from pointing out the excellent qualities in the acting of "A Sailor and His Lass" at Drury Lane.

While Mr. Toole has been moving large audiences in Glasgow and elsewhere to laughter by his pathos in "Dot" and his broad humour in "Stage-Dora," Toole's Theatre in London has seen "M.P." succeeded by another of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's charming comedies. In "Ours," revived on Tuesday, Mr. Robertson's bright and intelligent young son freshly sustains the rôle of Hugh Chalcoet, Miss Amy Roselle is a womanly Blanche Haye, Lady Shendryn is impersonated by Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Cora Stuart is Mary Netley, Mr. Beaumont takes Mr. Hare's highly-finished part of Prince Perovsky, Mr. E. D. Ward is as natural as ever as Angus MacAlister; and the animated acting in the Crimean hut scene brought "Ours" to the usual happy ending. With a passing mention that Miss Lingard (tearing herself for the nonce from "The Glass of Fashion") will, on Wednesday next, grace a Galety matinée by appearing as the heroine of a new play, "Agnes of Bavaria," by Mr. Frederick Hawley, I cross the water, and am at the Surrey. The new and original drama, by Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Paul Meritt, produced at this popular transpontine playhouse is entitled "The Crimes of Paris;" and, excellently acted and superbly mounted, is undeniably one of the most ingenious, enthralling, and picturesque pieces this stage has witnessed. The brilliant Paris scenes are particularly worthy of praise. A sure "pick-me-up" for the blasé playgoer: one dose of "The Crimes of Paris."

Mr. F. B. Chatterton on Tuesday again distinguished himself as a reciter from the works of Dickens, at the banqueting-room in St. James's Hall.

G. A. S.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24.

Brokers in the Stock Exchange have for some time past complained that investment business is almost at a standstill. The several reasons which it has become the fashion to assign for this being the diminished resources of large classes of people who have lost money in various new kinds of undertakings; bad trade and disquieting politics; and last, but not least, the high prices current for solid investment stocks. Other but secondary causes of the prevailing apathy are also assigned, but these may for the moment be ignored, as those enumerated are by themselves sufficient to account for the inactivity not only of investment but also of speculative business. The question, however, is, are not people allowing many opportunities for purchasing cheap and solid stocks to slip past them, while they stand by and watch the work of depreciation. Taking the whole range of leading securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange, which are gradually dwindling in price, nobody could venture to say that the shrinkage is always justified. The fact is, the markets have got into such a condition that mere absence of business is now capable of inducing a fall that in normal times would scarcely be brought about by actual ill news.

It is not my purpose to run through the list of public securities and point out any individual stocks that could be bought with advantage at the present moment; but I may, with possible profit to many investors possessing leisure to closely look into the question, and with a fair share of discrimination to guide their selection, draw attention to a class of securities offering many a tempting prize. I refer to American Railway stocks, around which so much distrust has centred as the result of the tactics of New York "bear" operators. Those tactics have been pursued with a vigour, persistency, and success, and have ranged over so wide an area of securities, that persons unacquainted with American railways and their working have come to look upon them as suffering from some inherent blight. The stability and earning capacity of any particular company has come to be measured by the price, fictitious or otherwise, which it is made to figure at in Wall-street; and people have gradually brought themselves to give attention to the wavering fortunes of "bull" and "bear" factions, to the exclusion of the position and prospects of the lines themselves, while the only matters that should interest the permanent investor are the solidity and interest-yielding capacity of the undertaking into which he puts his money.

Now, there can be no doubt that for a long time past American railways have been doing a remarkably good business. Traffic on the Trunk lines have been steadily expanding, and trade throughout the United States is, according to all accounts, sound and fairly progressive. The prices of materials are abnormally low, and wages are by no means at the level they reached during 1880-1. Hence working expenses are likely to be kept within moderate limits. Moreover, the companies are now working in harmony; and although here and there some secret "cutting of rates" may be practised, we do not hear any serious talk of an actual war of rates being in contemplation. Indeed, the season of canal competition having practically closed, there is work enough for all, and a struggle among the railways for business is out of the question. But while the interests of the railway companies, as a class, have thus got upon a sound platform, we have the anomaly that the prices of their stocks are being daily reduced to a level that could only be justified in times of deep distress, whether arising from bad trade or the prevalence of a railway war.

Looking, in fact, at the present prices, and comparing them with those current a year ago, we find that a depreciation ranging from 10 to over 100 per cent has taken place, and that, too, without any solid reasons having reference to dividend prospects being assigned for such a movement. At the present moment, prices are almost at the lowest points touched this year, not because earnings have in the interval been undergoing contraction—they have, as just mentioned, been largely expanding—but simply because adverse operators have succeeded in partially breaking the markets for purposes that can have no great interest for the permanent investor, whose one concern is the earning capacity of his property. Stocks are now to be bought at prices which yield from 6 to 10 per cent interest per annum and upwards, with a very good chance, a little later on, of a handsome return in the shape of an improvement in price. Into the question of the contests which have been raging in the New York market between rival cliques bent upon getting control of certain lines, or of the struggle that has been undertaken to so damage certain properties in the market that construction syndicates may be brought to the ground, I do not purpose entering.

T. S.



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY THE LATE S. READ.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday afternoon concerts have entered on their twenty-eighth series. We have already given an outline of the season just begun, and may now limit ourselves to a record of the two opening performances, the specialty at the first of which was a pianoforte concerto by Dvorák, the Bohemian composer whose works have lately attracted much attention, both here and abroad. Some of his orchestral music has been given at the Crystal Palace and other concerts; and chamber music by him has been performed at the Monday Popular Concerts, his best production hitherto having, perhaps, been his "Stabat Mater," performed by the London Musical Society during its latest season. The Concerto is a comparatively early work, although published long after subsequent compositions, to most of which it is inferior. It consists of three movements—a first and closing "Allegro" and an intermediate "Andante," each of which is characterised by much diffuseness of treatment and an absence of continuous interest. The few striking passages which occur, including some quaint touches of national style, are as oases in a desert; the work as a whole (occupying nearly three quarters of an hour in performance) being wearisome. The elaborate pianoforte part, consisting chiefly of dry and laboured difficulties, was played by Mr. Oscar Beringer with a skill that might have been much more worthily applied. The other instrumental pieces at the opening concert were Weber's "Jubilee" overture, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, and Berlioz's overture to "King Lear." This last-named composer's quaint Bolero, entitled "Zaide," was sung with much refinement by Mrs. Hutchinson, as was Handel's air "Hide me from day's garish eye" (and the recitative), from "Il Penseroso." Mr. Manns was warmly greeted on his re-appearance as conductor.

At the second concert the tenth of the orchestral symphonies left by the late Joachim Raff was performed, for the first time in England. It is entitled "Autumn," and is the third of a series in illustration of the seasons, the fourth work thereof, "Winter," being, we believe, on the point of publication. The work given at Sydenham last Saturday consists of four divisions, labelled "Impressions and Feelings," "Dance of Phantoms," "Elegy," and "The Hunt." With some instances of diffuseness, there is much musical interest in each portion of the work, the orchestral colouring and the harmonic treatment being, as usual with Raff, very masterly. Madame Helen Hopekirk played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat (the "Emperor") with more refinement than power; and Mr. J. W. Turner contributed two vocal pieces with much effect—having appeared in lieu of Mr. Maas, who was indisposed. Other items of the concert need no comment. Sir Steindale Bennett's cantata, "The May Queen," was produced last week on the stage of the opera theatre, for the first time here, with Madame Cave Ashton in the title-part. The graceful music, intended for the concert-room, did not prove very effective in its dramatic adaptation.

Mr. Walter Bache gave his fourteenth annual recital, at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, when his programme consisted entirely of music by Liszt, in honour of the anniversary of the birth of the composer, which took place on Oct. 22, 1811. The selection included the sonata in B minor, dedicated to Schumann, a rambling and incoherent production, in which strained or incoherent effort is more apparent than imagination and artistic feeling. Some transcriptions, studies, and other small pieces completed the instrumental programme; which was varied by the lied "Loreley," expressively sung by Miss Ambler to English words supplied by Miss Constance Bache, in lieu of the original text of Heine.

Oct. 20 being the day of Balfe's death, last Saturday's Promenade Concert at Covent Garden was devoted for the greater part to the works of that popular composer, which were enthusiastically received by a large audience.

Dr. Stainer's new cantata, "St. Mary Magdalen," is to be performed at the Bow and Bromley Institute next Tuesday evening, with full orchestra and chorus, and Misses M. Davies and H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. F. King as solo vocalists. Mr. McNaught (conductor of the Bow and Bromley Institute choir) will direct the performance, and the composer will preside at the organ. The work was successfully produced (as recorded by us at the time) at the recent Gloucester Festival, for which occasion it was composed. The three last-named vocalists were associated with the Gloucester performance of the cantata.

The first of an autumn series of three Richter concerts will take place at St. James's Hall next Monday evening—the Monday Popular Concerts will enter on their twenty-sixth season on Nov. 5, the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will give the first concert of the thirteenth season on the following Wednesday; the second season of the new Sacred Harmonic Society will open at St. James's Hall on Nov. 16, with the first London performance of Sir G. A. Macfarren's new oratorio "King David," which work will also be given by Mr. Willing's Choir at the opening concert of the new season at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 11. It will be seen that London music will soon resume its wonted activity.

Signor Schira, the eminent professor of singing, died last week. He was also favourably known as a composer, having produced—besides several other works—an opera, entitled "Niccòlo di Lapi," at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1863.

The statue to the memory of the poet Robert Tannahill was unveiled last Saturday in Abbey-churchyard, Paisley. The funds for the statue were obtained from open-air concerts given on Gleniffer Braes for several summers past. The songs of Tannahill were exclusively sung at these concerts.

Yesterday week the first meeting of the Session of the Medical Officers of Health was held in Adam-street, Adelphi. Dr. T. O. Duffield, the President, in his opening address pointed out generally the need of unity in metropolitan sanitary administration.

New Municipal Art Galleries in connection with the Free Library buildings were opened at Cardiff on Tuesday evening by the Mayor, Mr. G. A. Stone. The nucleus of the Galleries is a collection of thirty-eight pictures, presented by the late Mr. W. Menelaus, of Dowlais, and said to be worth £10,000.

Mr. S. Morley, M.P., laid the memorial-stone of the Congregational Schools for the Education of the Sons of Ministers, at Caterham, on Tuesday. The old school, founded at Lewisham in 1811, had become too small for the growing wants of the pupils, the number of whom will now be 150, as compared with 100 in the existing institution.

There were 2370 births and 1408 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 354, and the deaths 139, below the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 25 from measles, 66 from scarlet fever, 28 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 20 from enteric fever, 38 from dysentery, and 1 from cholera.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

The approaching season of family and friendly remembrances, bringing a demand for new and elegant gift-books, has stimulated the enterprise of publishers, aided by the skilful ingenuity of writers and illustrative or decorative artists, to put in an early appearance with many agreeable productions of this class.

We shall now have the pleasure of introducing these to our readers. Let us begin with *Prince Pertinax*, a fairy tale by Mrs. George Hooper, illustrated with twenty-six sepia drawings by Miss Margaret Hooper and Miss Margery May. It is an oblong volume, soberly bound in grey paper with brown leather back and corners, published by Messrs. Field and Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, containing nearly a hundred pages of agreeable prose narrative; and the artists' drawings, reproduced by the autotype process in miniature dimensions, are gummed or pasted on the pages. They are truly artistic in design, and must have cost a vast deal of thought and skilful labour. The figures and grouping have a high degree of classical grace; and they represent the chief incidents of the story with a vivid realisation of the author's ideas not often experienced in work of this kind. Mrs. George Hooper reminds us in the preface that her tale appeared in the *Monthly Packet*, under the editorship of Miss Yonge, about twenty years ago, when she wrote it for the amusement of a child, her daughter Margaret, who has grown up, as we observe, such a clever artist that she is able to enhance its value greatly by her designs for this publication. The story itself has been somewhat enlarged and improved. It may perhaps be remembered by some readers of that time, who will certainly be glad to read it again. We hope that many others, and those of the younger generation, will here gain information of the romantic adventures of Pertinax, the son of King Luxor of Thelmia, and his faithful guest of the Blue Rose, which is the soul of a sweet maiden, Saphire, the personification of Truth and Love, carried away by enchantment to the Fairyland beyond the Forest of Mystaria, while a changeling daughter, the false Saphire, abides in her stead at the Thelmin Court. The clever little page, Minim, who serves this young Prince as his guide, mounting him upon a winged horse, over a strange region infested with "bohuns" and "snuggans," to the submarine kingdom of Magnumero, to release the beloved Queen from her captivity and to restore the comfort of his bereaved father's home, is a very amusing figure; and there is certainly a good moral in the pleasing story, which will not long escape the reflection of thoughtful readers, though it is entirely free from didactic preaching. Fairies, Giants, and industrious "Kobolds," borrowed from well-known German examples, are in turn successfully dealt with, till the brave Pertinax finally comes home, bringing back his lovely bride and his long-lost mother, while his brother, Prince Debonair, amicably resigns the succession to the throne, and the parents, wonderfully reunited, behold the happiness of their children and all their people. We can heartily recommend this charming fiction, now presented in an exquisite form.

Miss Kate Greenaway's pictures of little children have always been delightful to every true lover of those human fairies, and have recently obtained the public testimony of Mr. Ruskin, the highest authority in art-criticism, to their excellence in that point of view. She has, with the aid of colour-printing by Mr. Edmund Evans, produced another very pleasant volume, entitled *Little Ann*, which contains a selection from those old favourites, the "Original Poems" of Jane and Ann Taylor, illustrated by her skilful pencil with the prettiest child-faces and the drollest little child-figures that ever were drawn on paper. "Little Ann," as everybody ought to know, is that very natural little girl who was once walking with her mother through Cavendish-square, and who felt herself aggrieved because they had not a carriage to ride in as well as the rich folks. Another young person whom we are glad to meet again here is "Meddlesome Matty," who came to grief by playing with her grandmamma's spectacles and snuff-box. There are mammas and grandmammas, now living, who do not take snuff, but who will perhaps need to put on their spectacles, when they read once more the verses which entertained their infancy fifty years ago. They will not have forgotten the two dolls, the wooden and the wax doll, owned respectively by "Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine the fair." Elderly men, too, there are, who will remember the days when they were reproachfully compared to "one little Jem," notorious for his unwashed hands and face. Here is Jem to the life, with his mamma and nurse trying in vain to persuade him to submit to the application of soap and water. The opposite extreme of dandified affectation is shown in little George, strutting proudly along the street in his new nankeen trousers, which presently get soiled by a fall in the mud, and by the hands of a friendly chimney-sweeper picking him up. One of the best of these character-pieces, which has been in our recollection during half a century, is the case of that Young Jem who rashly insisted on carrying home the baked shoulder-of-mutton, "and batter-pudding, too," but who got his fingers burnt by the hot and heavy dish, and so dropped it into the kennel. There is also little Harry, "unwilling to tarry," impatient for the December holidays, who bought him a sword and a drum, with many other toys and abundance of sweetmeats, but found it very dull to be without employment. Miss Greenaway presents all these familiar acquaintances of long past childhood in the liveliest shape, and with the happiest touches of humour, as well as with a perfect knowledge of the graces of childish figure and gesture, in which few artists have surpassed her.

A story by Juliana Horatia Ewing, which bears the title of *Jackanapes*, and which is illustrated by Mr. Randolph Caldecott, forms one of the shilling publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is about as good a story, and as well told, as anybody is likely to write, or anybody could wish to read, full of genuine humour and of true, deep, pathetic feeling, with a smack of genius reminding us of Charles Kingsley in his playful mood, and with a certain moral affinity to the spirit of his teaching. Manliness as a Christian virtue, courage, endurance, and constancy, are the qualities especially recommended by the short but valiant career of the young hero, who is the child of an officer killed at Waterloo, brought up after the death of his young mother in the rustic village of Goose Green, and called "Jackanapes" for his innocent boldness and restless activity, but who dies like a soldier—far better, having given his life for another's sake on the battle-field. It is very touching and noble; but we cannot help laughing at the Grey Goose and her opinion of the village affairs, although it is probable that the news of the death of Jackanapes never reached her upon the village green. The same authoress, Juliana Ewing, has composed six little books of verse, for the Christian Knowledge Society, illustrated in coloured drawings by R. André—namely, "Master Fritz," "A Soldier's Children," "Our Garden," and others, which have much freshness and vigour of design.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran, at the corner of St. Paul's-churchyard, have published "A True Story," by C. E. L., called *Lily and her Brothers*, with illustrations by W. V. L. and J. G. L., which girls, at least, will find extremely interesting, and which is likely to do them much real good. It relates

the family affairs of a country parsonage, where four children, Andrew, Harry, Sister Lily, and Baby Cesar, grow up together with their natural share of faults and troubles, but still, on the whole, to the satisfaction of their parents and friends. The incidents are perfectly natural, as well as the feelings and behaviour of these young persons, and their artless talk has a pleasant vivacity not always found in the dialogue of story-books. The date is fixed as previous to the summer of 1837, by the death of King William IV. happening at that time. The after-life of the sister and brothers, who are left orphans, but cared for by a good uncle, is very briefly told in the concluding chapter.

It is generally known that the shop now occupied by Messrs. Griffith and Farran was the "Original Juvenile Library" of E. Newbery, famous as having published Goldsmith's "Goody Two-Shoes" in 1766. Newbery was succeeded by John Harris, who in 1807 brought out "The Butterfly's Ball," by William Roscoe, and "The Peacock at Home," followed by "The Grasshopper's Feast," and other amusing pieces of that kind. Messrs. Griffith and Farran, having already reproduced "Goody Two-Shoes" with an exact imitation of the old pages, type, and woodcuts, now present a facsimile edition of the other little works above-named, which are composed in lightly tripping verse. The old engravings seem very quaint, though declared elegant when they first appeared. Mr. Charles Welsh has supplied a correct antiquarian memoir of the original publication. These publishers have also issued a beautifully printed edition of Keble's "Evening Hymn," on the finest thick paper, adorned with thirteen engravings from designs by Messrs. Frank T. Merrill, J. D. Woodward, and F. Childe Hassam, drawn and engraved under the superintendence of Mr. G. T. Andrew. It forms a small square volume, substantially bound in cloth; another volume of similar outward shape contains Edgar Poe's mystic poem of "The Raven," with fifteen illustrations by Mr. W. L. Taylor. The same publishers have provided for the entertainment of children a delightful American story of child-life, by Mrs. D. P. Sanford, called "From May to Christmas at Thorne Hill," with a large number of clever drawings. Their "Holly Berries," with original illustrations by Ida Waugh, printed in colours, is an amusing book of verses, full of playful little jests and fancies, in a very natural tone; some of the drawings are good. This work may be had either in one volume, or any of the five sixpenny parts, entitled "The Holly Series," these being separately named, "The Little Holly-Gatherers," "The Christmas Carol," "Our Boys," "Horatio Hamilton Harris," and "Our Pussy Cat." Another diverting publication, "The Fool's Paradise," which purports to contain "the many wonderful adventures seen in the strange surpassing peepshow of Professor Jolley Cobble," is really a selection from the "Bilderbogen," or German picture-sheets, issued by Dr. Wilhelm Busch, of Munich, some twenty-five years ago. Two other selections of these comical coloured drawings, with an English commentary upon them, were published by Mr. Hotten, but are long since out of print. The humour is outrageously violent, especially in "The Music-Master" and "The Angry Doctor," but many young people may like it.

THE COURT.

The weather continues to allow of her Majesty and the Royal family taking their favourite rides and drives on Deeside. Last Saturday the Queen, with the Empress Eugénie and Princess Irene of Hesse, drove to Glen Gelder Shiel, the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice riding thither. The minister of Crathie performed Divine service on Sunday at Balmoral, her Majesty and the members of her family attending. The Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen on Monday, Madame d'Arcos, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, Dr. Profeit, and Dr. Reid joining the Royal circle after dinner. The Empress, who was a constant visitor to her Majesty during her sojourn at Abergeldie, came south on Tuesday, travelling in the Queen's Messenger train to Aberdeen, and thence by the Limited Mail to town, en route for Farnborough. A few days since the Queen, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Irene of Hesse paid a visit to Miss Farquharson, at Invercauld. Her Majesty has been daily advised of the condition of the Marquis of Conyngham, who is now slowly recovering. The Queen has presented Captain Shaw, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with a handsome clock.

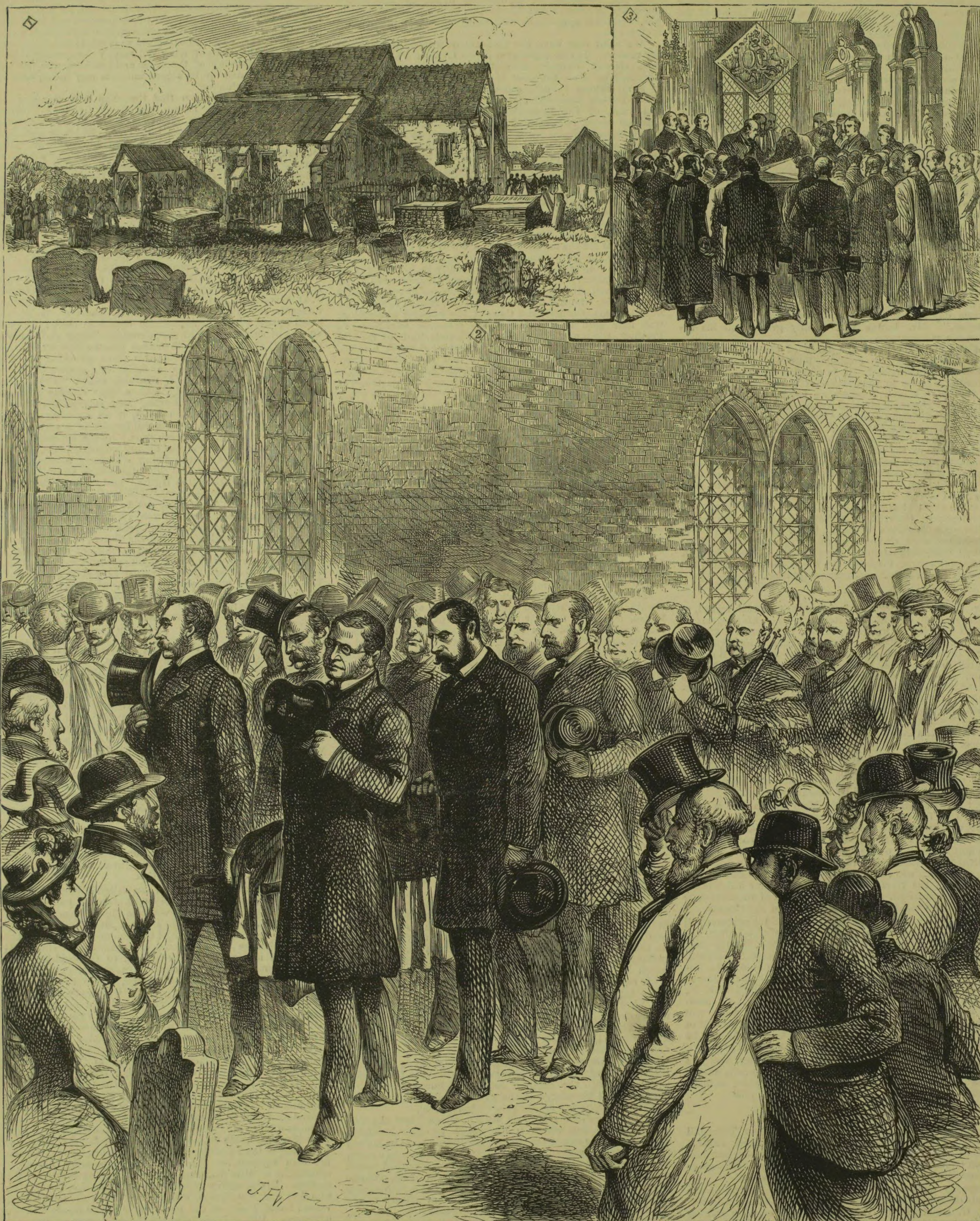
The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Princess Christian and the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace immediately after their arrival in town from Copenhagen. The Duc de Chartres lunched with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House, and the Duke of Cambridge visited them. The next day Prince Albert Victor commenced his University career, his father accompanying him to Cambridge; their Royal Highnesses (who had assumed noblemen's gowns) proceeding to the Vice-Chancellor's lodge, where Prince Albert Victor's name was entered upon the University books, and afterwards at the Master of Trinity's lodge his name was inscribed on the books of the society on his going into residence at that college. The name of the Rev. J. N. Dalton, his Royal Highness's governor, was also entered as a member of the college. After lunching in the rooms of the young Prince at Neville's Court, the Prince of Wales left for Sandringham, returning to Marlborough House the following day, the Princess and himself going to the Court Theatre in the evening. Princess Christian had lunched with her Royal Highness at Marlborough House. Prince Louis of Battenberg arrived on a visit on Saturday. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to see "Ingomar" at the Lyceum Theatre, when Miss Mary Anderson was, by desire of their Royal Highnesses, presented to the Princess, who gave the refined young actress her own bouquet, at the same time expressing her great admiration of Miss Anderson's talent and good wishes for her success. Divine service was attended by the Royal circle on Sunday; and the Prince, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, visited Ismail Pasha at his residence in Portland-place in the afternoon. Prince Louis returned to Portsmouth on Monday.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany were at the Royal Comedy Theatre on Tuesday evening.

The Duke of Cambridge has been visiting Lord Londesborough, at Londesborough Lodge, Yorkshire, this week.

Viscount Wolmer, only son of the Lord Chancellor and the Countess of Selborne, and Lady Maud Cecil, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, will be married to-day (Saturday).—A marriage is arranged between the Marquis of Kildare and Lady Hermione Duncombe, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Faversham.

The medal of the Royal Humane Society, together with their certificate for bravery, has been awarded to Mr. Archibald Edward Tull Flemyng, officer of the ship *Torrens*, for having jumped overboard, in eighteen fathoms of water, off the island of St. Helena, in the month of May last, on the homeward passage from Adelaide, and rescued the lives of two boys who had fallen into the sea, while fishing from the quarter-deck of the ship.



1. Hempstead Church.

2. Carrying the Remains to the Harvey Chapel.

3. Sealing the Sarcophagus in the Chapel.

REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF WILLIAM HARVEY AT HEMPSTEAD CHURCH, ESSEX.

The illustrious scientific anatomist of the seventeenth century, William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, died in 1657, and was buried at Hempstead, seven miles from Saffron Waldon, in Essex, near his residence, the old moated mansion called Hempstead Hall, which no longer exists. The old parish church of Hempstead contains a chapel erected by the Harvey family, in which are several monuments of the Harveys, but the remains of that eminent physician have been lying, till now, in a vault beneath the chapel, with an entrance from outside the building. Harvey was a most distinguished member of the Royal College of Physicians, and founder of their Library, being the head of that

profession in England at the time, and high in the favour of King James I. and King Charles I. The President and Fellows of the College, with the consent of the Vicar of Hempstead, and of the persons now living most nearly connected with Harvey's family, have provided a handsome marble sarcophagus, in which, on Thursday week, the coffin with his remains, having been carefully removed from the obscure vault, were reverently deposited, in the chapel above mentioned, with a view to protect William Harvey's bones and dust from risk of future desecration, and in order that their final resting-place should be within view of pious visitors to the sequestered village church. We give some Illustrations of these

proceedings, which were conducted with due solemnity, with a religious service performed by the Vicar, the Rev. R. H. Eustace, assisted by the Rev. J. Escreet, curate, and hymns sung by the choir. The medical gentlemen, and others present, some wearing their official or academical robes, were Sir William Jenner, M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians, who carried the silver *caduceus*, the emblem of his office; Dr. Finchem, Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., Dr. Pavy, and Dr. Wilson Fox, Censors of the College; the representatives of Harvey's family, Colonel Lloyd, Mr. Rosendale Lloyd (Grenadier Guards), and Colonel Harvey Bramstone; Dr. Frederick Farre, Treasurer of the College; Sir Henry Pitman, Registrar; Dr.



"OUR FIRST-FLOOR LODGER." BY H. G. GLINDONI.
FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Munk, Harveian Librarian; Dr. Alchin, Assistant Registrar; Dr. George Paget, Regius Professor of Physic in Cambridge; Dr. Owen Rees, Sir Risdon Bennett, M.D., Dr. Morris, Dr. Acland, Dr. Quinn, Dr. Sieveking, Dr. Radcliffe, Dr. Wood, Dr. B. W. Richardson, Dr. Graily Hewitt, Dr. Dyce Duckworth, Dr. Alfred Meadows, Dr. R. D. Powell, Surgeon-General Hunter, Dr. A. B. Shepherd, Dr. Norman Moore, Mr. George Eastes, and Mr. Stear, who, at the request of the Council of the College, took charge of the arrangements. They descended into the vault and received the coffin, or rather leaden shell, which was covered with a pall and carried up into the church in a procession led by the clergy; the pall-bearers were Sir Risdon Bennett, M.D., Dr. Owen Rees, Dr. Sieveking, Dr. Quinn, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Richardson, Dr. Norman Moore (Warden of Bartholomew's Hospital), and Dr. Duckworth. After the religious service the President of the Royal College of Physicians placed in the sarcophagus, with the coffin, a metal box containing a written record, and a copy of Harvey's works, the Latin edition of 1766, which was published by the College. The covering of the whole was sealed up, and the marble lid was adjusted to the sarcophagus, which occupies a conspicuous position in the Hurvey monumental chapel.

"OUR FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

A lodging-house in Bath, Tunbridge Wells, or Brighton is, let us say, the scene of the amusing drawing by Mr. Glindoni which we have engraved—one of the clever works with which the artist made his debut this year as a member of the Royal Water Colour Society. The time is about sixty or seventy years ago; for to that period belong the high waist, narrow skirt, and mittens—the pseudo "Empire" classicality, of the young lady's costume in the picture. Some, at least, of the furniture is of earlier date; as are the old gentleman's tight pantaloons, and square-toed slippers. He seems, however, to be still something of a buck, and such a bunch of seals as he wears may have survived to within living memory. The old lady with the false front and high hair-comb, who is listening on the stairs outside the door, is, we may suppose, a decayed gentlewoman; and naturally, therefore, anxious to please the personage that rents her principal apartments—the mainstay of her establishment. The "First-floor Lodger" has the air, too, of a man who likes his ease, and little domestic comforts, and who is well able to pay for them. He is certainly not an early riser, for the mantel clock marks twenty minutes to eleven, and he has not yet finished his breakfast. If we were to venture a guess as to his condition, we should say that he is an old bachelor, and—judging by the small model of a skull, and the specimens preserved in spirits in the bottles on the book-case—that he has been a doctor in good practice, from which he has now retired. At all events, these accessories seem to indicate that he has a hobby of some sort characteristic of approaching foggydom. Who so likely, then, to become a fixture in the first-floor—to fall into ways and habits of home there, to become attached to people who will humour his peculiarities and minister to his comfort and enjoyment? So reasons his landlady, evidently; and so she sends her pretty daughter to ask if the gentleman will take a little more sugar in his tea. Shyly, but gracefully, the commission is performed; hesitatingly the lump of sugar is held in the tongs. But see! is the ungrateful old hunk capable of rejecting the proffer of so charming an attendant? One might almost think so, noting her attitude, and observing the sly look in the old celibate's eyes—as though he looked upon the sugar as a poisoned bait. But, no; rather we opine that, if he has declined the sugar, he has, with old-fashioned gallantry, accompanied the refusal with a compliment on the far greater sweetness of the winsome Hebe, the bearer of the basin and tongs.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

There was perhaps a stronger programme than usual on the opening day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, though the Criterion Stakes was the only race which really possessed more than passing interest. Proceedings began with the clever victory of Geheimmis in the Trial Stakes, this grand filly giving 7 lb. to Lowland Chief, 20 lb. to Toastmaster, and even more weight than that to her remaining opponents. St. Medard (8 st. 1 lb.) beat eleven others very cleverly in the Monday Nursery Handicap, his success redounding greatly to the credit of St. Simon, who gave him a lot of weight and fairly lost him in a Nursery at Doncaster. There were only five runners for the Criterion, the smallest number that have taken part in the race since Wells won on North Lincoln in 1858. Royal Fern performed so well in the Middle Park Plate that slight odds were finally laid on him, and the only other one supported with any spirit was Archiduc, who had been twice beaten in France since his creditable display against the Adelaide filly in the July Stakes. Count Lagrange's colt did not look particular well, as his coat was broken; but he was in front all the way, and won by four lengths from the luckless Talisman, who appeared to beat Royal Fern on his merits.

The Cambridgeshire was, of course, the great event of Tuesday; indeed, none of the other races on the card call for any comment. As the time for its decision drew near, Medicus (6 st. 6 lb.) became in stronger demand than ever, and was finally landed at 7 to 4, the shortest price that has ever been accepted about any favourite for this race except when 5 to 4 was laid on Faugh-a-Ballagh. Hackness (7 st. 6 lb.) had also a strong body of staunch supporters, but Master of Arts (5 st. 13 lb.) receded in the quotations, and was not so much fancied as Tonans (7 st. 2 lb.), who looked remarkably well. The lot were at the post in good time, and Mr. McGeorge had not much difficulty in dispatching them to a capital start. The changes in the course of the race were too numerous to be chronicled, and we need only say that Rookery (6 st. 7 lb.) made most of the running, until nearing the Red Post, where she was beaten, and Tonans took her place as leader, with Medicus and Bendigo (6 st. 10 lb.) in close attendance. About one hundred yards past the Red Post Bendigo shot to the front, and almost immediately held a lead of a couple of lengths. Directly afterwards, however, he swerved to the left, and finished right on the rails, which enabled Tonans to make up so much ground that he was only beaten by a neck. Three lengths from the second came Medicus, closely followed by Hackness, Hamako (7 st.), and Thebais (8 st. 13 lb.). We fancy that the last-named was really third best, but Archer eased her directly that he found it was impossible for him to catch Tonans or Bendigo. As the winner started at 50 to 1, the result was naturally all in favour of the bookmakers, but Bendigo would have had plenty of backers had he not gone amiss immediately after performing so creditably in the Cesarewitch.

The whole interest of Wednesday's programme was centred in the match between St. Simon and Duke of Richmond, and the Dewhurst Plate. The pair of unbeaten two-year-olds ran over the Breyby Stakes course, carrying 8 st. 12 lb. each, for £500 a side, and odds of 2 to 1 were laid on St. Simon, whose record was more satisfactory than that of his opponent, and who was ridden by Archer. He was in front all the way, and won so easily that, but for the death of Prince Batthyany, he

would now be a very warm favourite for the Derby. In spite of rumours of her having been amiss, backers laid 5 to 4 on Busybody for the Dewhurst Plate. She ran well under the extreme penalty of 10 lb., but the filly by Hermit—Adelaide, who met her on much better terms than in the Middle Park Plate, managed to turn the tables on her, and won rather cleverly by a neck.

Coursing men were very busy last week, both at Gosforth Park and at the Ridgway Club (Lytham) Meeting. At the former fixture the Gosforth St. Leger, for puppies of both sexes, was divided between Byron, by Bothal—Fat and Fresh, and Cocklaw Dean, by Lindahl—Blawraire, the former being one of the most promising youngsters that has appeared in public this season. The well-known Kate McPherson divided the October Stakes with Woodpecker, and ran through all her courses in more brilliant style than she has ever previously exhibited. Nothing of the highest class put in an appearance at the Ridgway Club fixture, but there was such a splendid stock of strong hares that some magnificent trials were run. None of the stakes were fought out, but Mr. Lea took the lion's share of the North Lancashire Stakes, as he had three left in the last four. The Clifton Cup was divided between For'ard Away and Windabout, the former of whom showed great promise last season.

THE RECESS.

The indisputable fact that all Governments, being but mortal, commit grievous errors in course of time has been taken signal advantage of by Sir Stafford Northcote in Wales. The shrewd Leader of the Conservative Commons on Monday opened his campaign at Carnarvon with a vigorous attack on Mr. Gladstone's Ministry "all along the line." It is reported that he addressed as many as 8000 delegates from the Conservative Associations of North Wales in the Pavilion at Carnarvon. The right hon. Baronet amply repaid these enthusiastic supporters for their loyal address by delivering a glowing panegyric of Wales and Welshmen, and by placing the policy and actions of the Ministry in what he presumably deemed the true light. Referring to the national expenditure, he accused the Government of spending many millions a year more than their predecessors did. Most of the Midlothian promises, he argued, had evaporated in Snowden-like mist. More wars, by far, had been brought about by Liberal than by Conservative Administrations. The "little wars" in Egypt and South Africa were not overlooked. Misgovernment of Ireland was again denounced. In fine, there was nothing right the Government said, and nothing right they did.

Sir Stafford Northcote, shifting his base of operations to Bangor, on Tuesday opened a Conservative Working Men's Association. From the stress he laid the previous day on the desirability of cultivating "sympathy" with the people; and from his expressive allusion at Bangor to Mahomet's going to the mountain, as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, it may be that we are on the eve of a great bid on the part of the Conservative Party for the suffrages of the masses. In any case, Sir Stafford Northcote's oft-repeated counsel to organise, organise, and still organise, is not likely to be fruitless either in the North of Ireland or in Wales.

Ere the echoes of Sir Stafford Northcote's unqualified censures of the Government have died out, the noble Marquis in conjunction with whom he leads the Conservative Party will be giving his daughter, Lady Maud Cecil, in marriage to Lord Wolmer, the son of the Lord Chancellor. The flag of truce will take the form of wedding favours. But the pipe of peace must soon be thrown aside, and the buried hatchet handled again. When the Marquis of Salisbury next addresses a political gathering it will be impossible for him to curb his bellicose spirit; and it would not be in human nature for Mr. Gladstone, whatever his gentle Chancellor might urge to the contrary, to withhold a Ministerial answer at the approaching Guildhall banquet.

Obviously, the decision come to last week at the Leeds Liberal Conference has been food for comment at several political meetings. Mr. Bright, Mr. John Morley, and an overwhelming majority of the Liberal delegates declared roundly in favour of the introduction of a County Franchise Bill early next Session; and Mr. Bright was of opinion that the London Municipality Bill could be dealt with afterwards next year by Parliament. Mr. Henry Richard, too, addressed his constituents at Merthyr on Monday evening, also thought it probable electoral reform would occupy a foremost place in the Ministerial programme; but considered it the province of the Government to determine whether they would proceed with their plans for the County Franchise and Redistribution of Seats separately or together. Sir Hardinge Giffard, addressing a Conservative gathering at Alnwick on Tuesday, expressed a hope that the question of the extension of the franchise should be settled on grounds irrespective of Party.

The Earl of Northbrook and Sir Charles Dilke appear to have been the busiest Ministers of late. After a rough week of it, occupied in inspecting the Channel Squadron and Portsmouth Dockyard with Lord Alcester, the First Lord of the Admiralty on Tuesday had a cheering statement to make at a dinner given by the Mayor of Winchester with regard to the condition of the Navy, not even excepting the supply of breech-loading guns of the newest type to our ships of war, respecting which Lord Henry Lennox (bidding hard for the reversion of the First Lordship, apparently) filled a column of the *Times* on the same day. Sir Charles Dilke has been indefatigable in visiting workhouses since his return from France.

Mr. John Pender, who had the honour of an audience with the Sultan during his recent stay in Constantinople, was enabled before his departure to be of considerable service to the sufferers from the disastrous earthquakes at Tchesme. Mr. Pender granted to his Majesty the use of the telegraph-ship *Volta* to convey the provisions and needful aid to the houseless poor.

Her Majesty has granted the Meteorological Society permission to adopt the prefix "Royal."

The Duke of Portland on the 18th inst. laid the memorial-stone of the Bentinck Dock, at King's Lynn.

Dr. John Smith, Edinburgh, has been elected President of the Edinburgh Royal College of Surgeons.

General Sir Patrick Grant, Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, has been appointed a Field Marshal.

The Earl of Onslow has been chosen President of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society for the ensuing year.

The Duke of Bedford has subscribed £100 towards the fund that is being raised for a Baptist chapel in the village of Woburn Sands, Bedfordshire.

Mr. Mark H. Judge having resigned the post of Secretary of the Parkes Museum, Mr. E. White Wallis has been appointed his successor.

The Mayor of Birmingham on Saturday last unveiled the bust of John Rogers, who was editor of Matthew's Bible, and coadjutor of Tyndale in translating the Scriptures into English. Rogers, when in his fifty-fifth year, was burnt at the stake at Birmingham, in 1555.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 23.

Yet another frivolous week has passed. To judge by the newspapers and by the scraps of conversation heard in public places, the interest of the week has been concentrated on three women. A Princess who made her debut at a café concert, Théo, who reappeared in a new operetta at the Bouffes after a long absence from Paris, and the lady who signs "Gyp" in the *Vie Parisienne*, and who in real life signs herself Comtesse de Martel. This lady, who is grand-niece of the great Mirabeau, has had a comedy called *Autour du mariage* played at the Gymnase; and in the piece, as in the volume that bears the same name, she has studied certain phases of Parisian high life from the satirical and often from the farcical point of view. Only in the book especially, and also in the piece, Madame de Martel has forced the note, and shown all the women to be immoral and badly brought up, and all the men more or less idiotic. The piece is amusing enough, if regarded merely as a series of farcical tableaux; but the critics have taken it rather too much *au sérieux*, and accused the authoress of calumniating her contemporaries and betraying the caste to which she belongs. Hence articles, diatribes, and discussions in profusion all *autour du mariage*.

At length a girls' lycée has been opened in Paris, in the Rue Saint André des Arts, under the invocation of Fénelon. The institution of State public schools for girls was voted, it may be remembered, nearly three years ago. The interval has been taken up partly by discussions between M. Ferry and the Municipal Council, which wished to acquire control of the school, and partly in the preparation of the staff of female teachers, who have been required to graduate at the University of Paris in regular course. The principal of the new lycée is Mlle. Provost, a young woman of about thirty, who was formerly teacher at the school of the Légion d'Honneur at Ecouen. The teachers in the girls' lycées are to be very well paid compared with the salaries in the boys' schools; the chiefs will receive from 5000f. to 6500f. a year, the professors from 3000f. to 4200f., and the under mistresses 1500f. to 2400f., with lodgings. The secondary course of study at the Lycée Fénelon extends over a period of five years, and includes physics and chemistry, drawing, natural history, one modern language (English or German), sewing, domestic economy, and hygiene. Much curiosity is felt as to the success of the new institution, which will certainly have a hard struggle to dethrone the popularity of a conventual education, the more so as the convents, as the educational establishments under clerical direction have already done, will accept the challenge, modify their programme of studies, and enter upon a period of healthy rivalry.

The way the French forget things is marvellous. All the fuss made about the Spanish incident has been forgotten; all the indignation excited by the enforced resignation of General Thibaudin has calmed down; all the furious declamation directed against M. Wilson and M. Grévy has ended as it began—in words. The opening of Parliament, which was to have been so stormy, has been discounted by the newspapers until there is nothing left; and, finally, the bellicose group of the Extreme Left has so far subdued its ardour that there is no talk of an interpellation before Thursday. And so this afternoon the opening of Parliament was exceedingly calm, and, to judge from the talk in the lobbies, there will probably be no interpellation this week. When and in what terms the Ministerial declaration will be made is not yet known.

The Imperialists are once more trying to prepare a political manifestation on the occasion of Prince Victor's completion of his year's military service. Some of the Imperialist groups are getting an address signed, with a view to forcing the young Prince to publish a political manifesto. It is hardly likely that the young man will lend himself to these manoeuvres.—A dramatisation of Alphonse Daudet's novel, "Les Rois en Exil," by MM. Paul Delair and Coquelin aîné, is in preparation at the Vaudeville Theatre. The rôle of the King will be played by Dieudonné, and that of Queen Frédérique by Madame Blanche Pierson.—Mlle. Rosa Bruck, a very beautiful young lady, a cousin of Sarah Bernhardt, made a very successful debut at the Comédie Française last night in *Amphitryon*.—M. Paul Bourget, the poet and critic, whom some look upon as the Sainte-Beuve of the future, has just published a remarkable volume of "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," comprising studies on Renan, Taine, Baudelaire, Flaubert, and Stendhal.—Owing to the peculiar nature of the negotiations, M. Challemeil-Lacour has found it impossible to compose a regular Yellow-book on the Tonquin question. This afternoon he had distributed to the deputies and senators a simple historical exposé of the events since May 19 last, and explaining the present state of the diplomatic negotiations. T. C.

The King and Queen of the Belgians paid a visit last week to the King and Queen of the Netherlands at Loo, where they met with a very cordial reception, considerable popular enthusiasm being exhibited. Their Belgian Majesties subsequently proceeded to Amsterdam; and visited the exhibition in company with the King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Crown Prince of Portugal. The Belgian King and Queen were enthusiastically cheered by the populace. Their Majesties went yesterday week to Ymuiden, attending a gala performance at the theatre in the evening. The King and Queen of the Belgians left Amsterdam on Saturday morning for the Hague, where they visited the principal picture galleries and public buildings, and then drove to Scheveningen. On their return they lunched at the Belgian Legation; and, after conferring a number of decorations upon the Dutch Court officers, their Majesties returned to Brussels.

The Emperor William returned to Berlin early on Tuesday morning from Baden-Baden. Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, is, it is stated, betrothed to the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt.

The Austro-Hungarian Budget was submitted to the delegations on Tuesday, and the members were received by the Emperor on Thursday.—Count Stefan Batthyany was on Monday shot dead in a duel with Dr. Julius Rosenberg, a Pesth lawyer, at Temesvar, in Hungary. Two shots were fired without effect, and the seconds intervened; but the combatants again fired, and Dr. Rosenberg's bullet pierced the Count's temple. Dr. Rosenberg and his seconds have been arrested. It is stated that Count Batthyany had married a lady who had been engaged to Dr. Rosenberg.

The sixty-three persons tried in St. Petersburg for participation in the secret proceedings of the "Red Cross Society" have all been transported to Siberia.

Last week the Sultan entertained Lord and Lady Dufferin at a state banquet, given specially in their honour, and subsequently conferred upon Lady Dufferin the Cheikfat Order of the First Class, set in brilliants.

The number of deaths from the recent earthquake in Anatolia is stated by Admiral Lord John Hay to be only 99,

200 being injured, and 25,000 rendered homeless. Slight shocks of earthquake have been felt at Lisbon, Malta, Tangiers, Gibraltar, and other places.

Lord Coleridge arrived in Washington on Thursday week, and was met at the station by Mr. Attorney-General Brewster. He was entertained at dinner by the Bar Association. The Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen, subsequently gave a reception, which lasted until midnight, and was attended by President Arthur, the Cabinet Ministers, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and the Diplomatic Corps. Yesterday week Lord Coleridge sat on the Bench, with the Supreme Court, at the right of Chief Justice Waite. The Chief Justice, in the evening, gave a dinner and reception in his honour. Lord Coleridge visited Haverford College, near Philadelphia, and gave a long address to the students upon the subject of study and reading. Last Saturday Lord Coleridge visited Mount Vernon, and afterwards dined with Judge Gray, of the Supreme Court. The guests included President Arthur, the members of the Cabinet, the other Judges of the Supreme Court, General Sherman, Admiral Porter, and other distinguished persons. On Sunday afternoon his Lordship drove to the Soldiers' Home, and subsequently visited President Arthur. In the evening he dined with the Hon. Sackville West, the British Minister. His Lordship left for New York on Tuesday.—The Britannic, with Mr. Irving and Miss Terry on board, arrived at New York on Saturday. They were warmly welcomed.—The new Metropolitan Opera-House at New York, the largest opera-house in the world, was opened on Monday. The New York correspondent of the *Standard* describes the opening performance as a brilliant success. The enthusiasm of the audience culminated in a shower of bouquets to Madame Nilsson, with a golden wreath, believed to be the gift of Mr. Vanderbilt.

A farewell address was presented to the Marquis of Lorne last Saturday at Quebec, where the Ministry and the Judges of the Supreme Court were awaiting the arrival of the new Governor-General.—The Marquis of Lansdowne arrived on Tuesday at Quebec, where he met with a very popular reception, and was duly sworn in with the usual ceremonies by the Judges, in the presence of the Marquis of Lorne and the Canadian Ministry. There was a rumour of a plot to assassinate the Marquis having been discovered; and two Irishmen, William Bracken and James Holmes, who were arrested on the 18th inst. as suspicious characters, have been committed for trial on the charge of being connected with a dynamite conspiracy.—The Hon. D. L. Macpherson has resigned the post of Speaker of the Dominion Senate, and been appointed to the office of Minister of the Interior, which has been relinquished by Sir John Macdonald. The latter, besides remaining President of the Council, takes the post of Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, with the control of the North-West Mounted Police.

Ancient ruins, which a contemporary says surpass anything of the kind yet discovered on the American continent, have been found in Sonora, about four leagues south-east of Magdalena, Mexico. There is one pyramid which has a base of 4350 ft., and rises to a height of 750 ft. It has a winding roadway from the bottom, leading by an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, which is many miles in length. The outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonry from huge blocks of granite in rubble, and the circles are as uniform and the grade as regular as could be made at this date by the best engineers. To the east of the pyramid, a short distance, is a small mountain about the same size, and rising to the same height. On the sides of this mountain a people of an unknown age have cut hundreds of rooms.

The show of chrysanthemums in the Inner Temple-gardens is open to the public. The show in the Middle Temple-gardens is announced to open next Thursday.

The Corporation of Rochester have sealed an agreement with Earl Jersey buying Rochester Castle and grounds for public use for £8000.

At the sitting of the Dublin Commission Court on Tuesday the Grand Jury returned a true bill against the Fenian centre, Joseph Poole, for the murder of John Kenny in Seville-place, Dublin, in July, 1882.

Lieutenant-General Sir A. Alison was on the 18th inst. presented with a sword of honour, by the citizens of Glasgow, in recognition of his services with the Highland Brigade at Tel-el-Kebir; Lady Alison receiving a costly gift from the same source.

Captain Eratt Acklom will give on Monday evening next the first of three illustrated recitals at Steinway Hall, the subject being Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol." He will be assisted by Madame Liebhart, Miss Helen Meason, and Miss Hendon Warde.

Sir George Broke Middleton has announced his intention of subscribing £500 to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, at Ipswich, for the purpose of constructing a swimming-bath, stipulating that the building shall in some way commemorate the famous duel between the frigates Chesapeake and Shannon, on June 1, 1813.

We regret to announce the death of Captain Mayne Reid, the well-known novelist, which took place at Maida Vale on Monday, at the age of sixty-seven. He found the materials for his many stories in his adventures among the North American Indians, and in the Mexican war, in which he took part. We intend giving his portrait next week.

Mr. R. C. Woodville has, by command of her Majesty, engaged to execute a large picture representing the battle of Tel-el-Kebir as seen from the position in the rear where the Duke of Connaught was with his brigade of the Guards. Mr. Woodville expects to have the picture ready for next year's Academy.

The New University College for South Wales and Monmouthshire at Cardiff was opened on Wednesday amid considerable rejoicing. Lord Aberdare, the president, gave an address at the New Hall in Queen's Chambers, and afterwards proceeded to the collegiate building with a numerous and representative procession, embracing functionaries and deputations from all parts of South Wales. Lord Aberdare received a gold key, and declared the institution open.

Lady Arthur Hill distributed prizes last Saturday to the successful members and detachments of the 2nd Middlesex (Customs) Artillery at the Cannon-street Hotel; and on the same day the annual rifle-meeting between the Midland and the North London Rifle Club took place at Sandwell Park, near Birmingham, and resulted in a victory for the home team by forty-six points.

With reference to recent statements that have been made we have been asked by the High Commissioner for Canada to give publicity to the following cablegram, received from the Minister of Agriculture of Canada:—"Female domestics are wanted in all parts of the Dominion; the demand remains unmet. Any number of good servants can secure immediate employment. We cannot get enough navvies for railway works. Mr. Donaldson, the agent of the Government at Toronto, will find no difficulty in all good men."

NOVELS.

Liveliness in a novel will atone for a multitude of sins; but when, as in *The Right Sort*: by Mrs. Edward Kennard (Remington and Co.), there are few, if any, sins and abundant liveliness, there is a very pleasant prospect indeed before the reader. Surprise, too, enhances the pleasure; for the perusal of but a dozen pages is sufficient to show that the writer is not only about to work upon an original idea with extraordinary sprightliness of style, but is about to deal with a subject which, delightful and exhilarating as it always is when handled by such masters as the celebrated "Nimrod" or the late Major Whyte-Melville, acquires an additional charm, the great charm of novelty, when it is selected for treatment by a lady, and a lady who appears to be scarcely less conversant with it and scarcely less competent to deal with it than the masters already mentioned. Gentlemen who hunt have often given us more or less faithful sketches of ladies who hunt; but a hunting lady's portrait drawn by one of her own sex who is herself, to judge from various significant indications, a hunting lady, is something quite out of the common, though it may not be altogether unique. Add to this that the portrait is extremely attractive in conception and admirably executed. There is something wonderfully fresh, amusing, piquant, and full of promise in the opening scene, in which are "discovered" two young ladies, of whom one is searching the columns of a sporting newspaper for a certain purpose speedily revealed, and the other is awaiting patiently, but not without anxiety, the result of the search. The searcher, it appears, is wading through the advertisements in quest of an offer which may seem likely to suit her wishes; and her wishes, which must not be told in the hearing of Mrs. Grundy, are at present confined to the obtaining of a hunting-box for the imminent season. To this, then, some prim matron of the old-fashioned sort may sigh, the higher education of women and their competition with the sterner sex is to come; but any such sad reflection will soon be dissipated upon a further acquaintance with the novel, which is as bright as sunshine, and as wholesome in tone as the breeze of the sea. Horsey it is, no doubt, but with a horsiness of a most inspiring kind; and "the man that hath not music in his soul, nor is not touched by concord of sweet sounds," is greatly to be preferred, as a confidential agent, as a companion, even as a mere reader, to the man that loves not horses and is not the better for reading about them. It would be dangerous to launch a boat, as Horace puts it, with such a man as the latter, whose thoughts must indeed be dark as Erebus, and who is no more to be trusted than a past-master of the "three-card trick." Let it not be supposed, however, for a moment that horses alone are the theme of the novelist; horses and the man she sings, the man who loved the lady who loved horses and him. And this part of the story, the part that refers to "the maiden passion for a maid," than which there is nothing more honourable, nothing more elevating, nothing that brings out more surely and more vividly whatever there is of good in the nature of man, is treated with feminine grace, feminine tact, feminine command of pathos. It is seldom that so touching a picture is presented as that of the hunting lady, when she repents of her scorn and of the hasty dismissal she had allowed herself to pronounce, going in all her beauty, innocence, trust, and generosity to recall her words in person, and literally ask to be taken as the wife and nurse of the paralysed lump of humanity that was lately a stalwart hunting man. No little delicacy, of course, was required in dealing with so difficult a matter; but the novelist has been equal to the occasion, mingling maidenly reserve, characteristic boldness, common sense, unsophisticated frankness, and simple justice in satisfactory proportions with the main ingredient of irresistible love. The sudden appearance, too, of Mrs. Forrester upon the scene at the supreme moment was a happy thought; the situation is described with humour, and elicits an explanation which will cause the reader to heartily endorse Mrs. Forrester's remark that Kate, the hunting young lady, is one of "the right sort." Of an equally right, though different, sort is Kate's sweet friend, Mary Whitbread, who does not hunt, and, in the phraseology of stablemen, does not know a horse from a donkey; and the two girls make an excellent pair, bringing out one another's peculiar characteristics by contrast. That the two lovely damsels, of whom Kate is the wealthy patroness and Mary the humble, but not humiliated, friend, companion, and, to a certain extent, chaperon, should live together, travel together, reside at a hunting-box together, and go out to balls together, at their age of from twenty-two to twenty-five, without any "dragon" to take care of them, may be marvellous in the eyes of the strait-laced; be it known, however, that the arrangement is found to work extremely well, to lead to nothing regrettable, and to heighten the interest considerably. Kate, of course, is the more prominent of the two friends; and the story, indeed, may be said to resolve itself into an account of what occurred during a certain period of time to Kate and her thoroughbred horse, King Olaf, and to a Colonel Clinker. There are, besides, subordinate characters, among whom Kate's stud-groom, Mr. Stirrup, or simply Stirrup, claims honourable mention for the entertainment he gives. The idea of a ladies' steeplechase, in which Kate is conspicuous, may shock some sensitive minds; but the account thereof is such that whoever is shocked by it may reckon upon being shocked "nice."

So great is the power, so intense is the passion, with which *Belinda*: by Rhoda Broughton (Richard Bentley and Son), is written, that it is almost impossible to lay the book aside, when once the full tide of interest has begun to make itself felt, though the influence which compels obedience to the writer's will partakes less of attraction than of unwilling fascination. Pleasant the story cannot be called; there is scarcely a single character that elicits sympathy or excites admiration or elicits more than a transient sentiment of qualified respect. Amusing the story certainly is, especially at the outset, when it reads like an uncommonly vivacious comedy, in which, however, such pertness, smartness, and ingenious mischief or mischievous ingenuity as a schoolgirl might display are made to do duty for wit and humour. A great deal of capital, too, is made out of a vulgar old woman, a sort of Paul Pry in petticoats, whose intrusive and inquisitive spirit renders her a torment to her friends and acquaintance, and even to utter strangers, and whose sensitiveness, at the same time, is an unknown quantity or quality, so that she presents not only an impenetrable but a perfectly callous moral hide to the shafts of satire and mockery as well as to the blunter missiles of rudeness and wrath. Such vulgarity is nearly always laughable to read about, if not to encounter; but cheap, indeed, is the fun that is to be made out of it. Several dogs and a parrot, moreover, are introduced into the novel; and the novelist seems to be very familiar with the droll ways of such domestic pets, with the droll uses to which the poor animals can be put by a playful, teasing mistress, and with the droll ideas that an eccentric imagination can suggest concerning them. As regards, however, the serious portions of the tale, they depend for the interest they undoubtedly possess—and that in no small degree—upon the literary style which, though extravagant and sometimes almost ludicrously violent, has, on the whole, a poetical force,

as well as poetical grace, which carries the reader along in spite of mental and moral dissent and revolt. Of plot there is very little, of incidents there are few—and what there are would be trivial indeed but for their connection with a sensuous love which hurries two ardent beings to the very verge of a somewhat commonplace adultery. The contrast between the two sisters is well depicted and well sustained, and the nature of her who was involuntarily repellent when she would fain have been most respondent, who was externally ice when she was internally fire, is very skilfully treated; but it is impossible to sympathise with the hero or the heroine, or the heroine's sister or the sisters' grandmother, or with anybody, in fact, except, perhaps, the poor make-shift of a professor, and even he is far too much of a curmudgeon to be very warmly condescended to. There can be no doubt whatever that the heroine, if ever any woman, rushed wilfully towards destruction, from which she did not deserve to be saved, and deliberately "bit off her nose to spite her face"; that the hero gives a most ridiculously insufficient explanation of his reasons for leaving the heroine in her ignorance and despair; that the heroine's sister was a very comic and diverting but unamiable and unladylike little flirt; that the grandmother was a selfish, careless, conventional old worldling; and that the professor was incomparably more sinned against than sinning, though of course it was unpardonable to be so old and to have such a nose. These are the principal personages; and though they deserve grateful acknowledgments for the sport they afford, though emotion is stirred by certain portions of their history, they do not command love, sympathy, esteem, respect, or even cold approval.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CAT SHOW.

Our Artist has exercised his wonted comic fancy in delineating some incidents of this popular exhibition, held for the fifteenth time on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. It is styled "National," but might almost claim to be regarded as "International," seeing that cats from Germany, France, Italy, Norway, and Russia, of course from Angora and Persia, and even from Siam, find their way to the stands, as well as from all parts of Great Britain. The two Siamese cats belonging to Mrs. Lee, of Penhurst, which gained a medal, were regarded with much curiosity. To the lady visitors, young and old, the Cat Show proved especially attractive, and some of the fair enthusiasts have been caught on the point of our Artist's pencil.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

There are now but few days remaining of this instructive and interesting exhibition, which has occupied a large share of attention during the past six months. The Canadian Court, shown in one of our Illustrations this week, in connection with that of the United States of America, presents an immense field of observation, but we have already noticed in detail some of the fisheries and other marine industries of the Western Continent. The central trophy, or conspicuous group, in the middle of this view, is formed of different kinds of seals which are captured on the seacoasts of Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Labrador; while the figure of a man in a boat, suspended from the side wall, appears to be aiming his rifle at one of them. Another figure is that of a man with a spear or harpoon, about to strike a salmon. The singular object hanging from the roof overhead is a life-size model, from nature, of an enormous "squid" or cuttlefish, 25 ft. in length, and the model of a white whale is seen farther on. The contents of the cases are well worthy of inspection.

An exhibition, promoted by the Turners' Company, of articles illustrative of their craft, has been held this week at the Mansion House.

Early yesterday week an explosion, involving a serious loss of life, took place at Wharfedale Colliery, a short distance from Barnsley.

Mr. Courtney, M.P., yesterday week distributed the prizes to science and art students at Penzance, and made some observations on the importance of the study of science.

The ship *Selkirkshire*, of 1192 tons, Captain J. Reid, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed for Sydney last Saturday with 393 emigrants.

The Portrait of Miss Catherine Heathorn, of Maidstone, a lady who has attained the great age of a hundred years, and whom some of her neighbours call the real "Maid of Kent," appears on another page. It should have been stated there, in the accompanying notice, that the portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Clarke and Co., of Week-street, opposite Earl-street, Maidstone.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST AND WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?
Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d. Colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.
T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF STATIONERY
contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of steel die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.
T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

VISITING CARDS by CULLETON.—Fifty best quality, 2s. 6d. post-free, including the Engraving of Copper Plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 60 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.
T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

FOR ARMS and CREST send Name and County to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Offices, 323, High Holborn, W.C. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, and Diplomas. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

FOR FAMILY ARMS (Lincoln's Inn Heraldic Office) send Name and County. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; in Colours, 7s. 6d. Arms Painted and Engraved on Seal. Dies. Illuminated Address, Silk Banners, &c.—PUGH BROTHERS, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.; and 76, Queen Victoria-st., City.

VITREMANIE, superseding Diaphanie. An easy and inexpensive method of decorating windows in churches, public buildings, and private houses, by which may be produced the rich colouring and beautiful designs equal in appearance to real stained glass. Handbook of Designs and full instructions, 1s. 1d. Boxes, comprising designs, &c., at 21s., 31s., 41s., 51s. Particulars post-free. Sole inventors, J. HARNARD and SON, 233 (late 339), Oxford-street, London, W.

CHROMO-GRAPHY—(KRAUS' PROCESS).
The New Art enabling any person (without previous knowledge of either Painting or Drawing) to Colour Photographs on convex glasses, in imitation of China and Enamel Painting. Boxes containing every requisite, 28s. and 30s. Particulars post-free. Specimens shown on application at the Sole Agents, J. HARNARD and SON, 233, Oxford-street, London, W.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND
(Incorporated by Act of General Assembly, July 25, 1881).
Bankers to the New Zealand Government.
Capital subscribed and paid up, £1,000,000.
Reserve Fund, £200,000.
Head Office—Auckland.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES.
In Australia—Melbourne, Sydney, and Newcastle.
In Fiji—Levuka, Suva.
In New Zealand—Auckland, Blenheim, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, Napier, Nelson, New Plymouth, Picton, Wellington, and at ninety-three other towns and places throughout the Colony.
The Bank grants Drafts on all their Branches and Agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji on the most favourable terms.
The London Office RECEIVES FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards, rates and particulars of which can be ascertained on application.
F. LARKWORTH, Managing Director.
No. 1, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, E.C.



SKETCHES OF THE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE LATE MR. ALFRED P. NEWTON, ARTIST.



THE LATE EARL OF MOUNTCASHELL.

THE LATE EARL OF MOUNTCASHELL.

Our last week's Obituary recorded the death of this nobleman, one of the Representative Peers of Ireland sitting in the House of Lords, of which he was the oldest member, having attained the ninety-first year of his age on Aug. 20, and having sat in the house fifty-seven years. His Lordship was a staunch Conservative in politics, and was always ready to give his vote upon all questions of importance, even so lately as the past Session of this year, although at such an advanced age. He was not only a dignified and courteous nobleman, but a man of sincere worth and goodness. He was of very studious yet energetic habits of mind, and, his memory being extremely retentive, his vivid reminiscences of great events and of many celebrities personally known to him in his long life were of much historical interest. Lord Mountcashell's death is lamented by a large circle of relations and friends, and doubtless the venerable father of the House of Lords will be missed by his peers in that assembly when next they meet.

His Lordship's mortal remains were interred on Wednesday, the 17th inst., in the family vault at Kilworth Church, in the county of Cork, near his ancestral residence of Moore Park.

The Portrait of Lord Mountcashell is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE LATE MR. ALFRED P. NEWTON.

The death of this esteemed artist, a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, took place on the 9th ult. Mr. Alfred Pizzi Newton was fifty-three years of age. He was of Italian descent on the maternal side, but was a native of Essex. His first work of importance was produced in 1859, being the picture of "Declining Day," which was highly commended, and he always excelled in depicting the effects of evening twilight. In the following year he passed some months of a very severe winter in Glencoe, painting his celebrated "Mountain Gloom." The frost was so intense that he was obliged frequently to mix his colours with pure whisky instead of water. This picture won him a considerable reputation. In 1862 he went to the Riviera and Italy, where he painted his "Twilight at Mentone," and a fine view of the Lago Maggiore. These were followed, in the next year, by the "Ruins of Rome," "The Arch of Titus by Moonlight," and several Venetian subjects. His "Left by the Tide,"

and the "Mountain Gloom," were sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition, and gained him a diploma of merit. Among his best works of later date were "Mystery and Immensity," and "The Coliseum by Moonlight." In 1880, he occupied the place of honour at the Exhibition of the Royal Water Colour Society, with his picture of the "Mountain Pass." For some time he had been failing in health; and in the autumn of last year he visited Athens, which had long been a dream of his life. There he painted several pictures, one of which, "Shattered Desolation," has been greatly admired. He painted for the Queen, by her Majesty's command, a picture to be presented to the Princess Royal on her wedding-day; and, during her Majesty's sojourn at Inverloch, Fort William, he contributed a few sketches of that neighbourhood to the Queen's Album. Mr. Newton was married in 1864, and has left a widow and five children.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Mr. John Naylor, Mus. Doctor of Oxon, organist of All Saints', Scarborough, has been appointed organist of York Minster, vice Dr. Monk, resigned.



THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION: THE CANADIAN COURT.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

SMITH, ELDER, and CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

Now ready, handsomely printed and bound in cloth, gilt edges, with Photograph, small 6s., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d.

THE MATTHEW ARNOLD BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Arranged by his Daughter, ELEANOR ARNOLD.

Now ready, with a Portrait, crown 8vo., 6s. 6d.

MERRY: A Story of Adventures and Captivity.

Epitomised from the "Merry Oasis." By EDMOND O'DONOVAN, Special Correspondent of the "Daily News."

Now ready, with Portrait, crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS. Being

Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penzance, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871; to which are added Fourteen Original Letters from J. S. Mill, never before published. Edited by HORACE N. PYM.

NEW NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH."

Ready this day, at all the Libraries, in 3 vols., post 8vo.

JOHN HERRING: a West of England Romance.

Romance. By the Author of "Mehalah." London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo-place.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 5.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for NOVEMBER.

CONTENTS. MADAME D'ARLAC. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE. THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa."

Chap. XIII.—A Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfin makes a Discovery. With Illustrations by W. H. Stacey.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE. London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo-place.

THE NEW SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 11, NOVEMBER, Now Ready.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

THE MILLER'S COURTSHIP.

Frontispiece, by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

IN THE FENS. With Illustrations by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE BANQUETING HOUSE AND OLD WHITEHALL. AUSTIN DUBSON. With Illustrations.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

BRASS WORK AT BIRMINGHAM. BERNARD H. BECKER. With Illustrations by A. Morrow.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER MARK. A Spiritual Romance. J. M. SHORTHORPE (Author of "John Inglesant").

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

OYSTERS AND THE OYSTER QUESTION (Concluded). T. H. HUXLEY, P.R.S. With Illustration.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES. (Chapters III., IV., V. (To be Continued). CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

MACMILLAN and Co., London.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, No. 289.

For NOVEMBER. Price 1s.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER.

SENILIA: PROSE POEMS BY IVAN TURGENIEF.

THE LABOURER AND THE FRANCHISE. JERSEY.

ANOTHER WORD ON INDIAN LEGISLATION. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE WIZARD'S SON. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chapters XXXVII.—XXXIX.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH. MACMILLAN and Co., London.

One Shilling, Monthly. Illustrated.

BELGRAVIA.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

MAD OF ATHENS. By Justin McCarthy, M.P.

BRITISH WILD BEASTS. By Phil Robinson.

MY COMRADE. By E. Lynn Linton.

MR. ROBERT WILKES. By Dutton Cook.

A BLOWPIPE. By Fred. Boyle.

HIGHGATE AND HAMPSHIRE. By H. Barton Baker.

FROM BEYOND. By Alfred St. Johnstone.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA AND JOHN HULLAH. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.

CHRISTINE. By the Author of "Miss Molly."

One Shilling, Monthly. Illustrated.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE CAPITAL OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST. By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

MY MUSICAL LIFE. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A.

MORE THOUGHTS ABOUT IRELAND. By Karl Blind.

THE NEW ABELARD. By Robert Buchanan.

SCIENCE NOTES. By W. Matthew Williams, F.R.A.S.

TABLE-TALK. By Sylvanus Urban.

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

Now ready, price Sixpence.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, Number XIII.

NOVEMBER.

CONTENTS.

JACK'S COURTSHIP. A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK. By W. Clark Russell. Chapters I.—IV.

AN OPENING FOR THE UNEMPLOYED IN IRELAND. By Charles G. Leland.

THE WILTSHIRE LABOURER. By Richard Jefferies.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. By the Author of "Mrs. Jermin."

THE CHILDREN OF THE MIST. By E. Lennox Peel.

THE RELATION OF DARWINISM TO OTHER BRANCHES OF SCIENCE. By R. S. Ball, Astronomer-Royal of Ireland.

VOX CLAMANTIS. By W. A. Nim.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE "FORTUNA." By J. Arbuthnot Wilson.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, and Co.

TIME

For NOVEMBER. Now publishing.

Price Sixpence.

Contains the continuation of the highly interesting novels, A REAL QUEEN, by R. E. Francillon, and SILVERMEAD, by Jean Middlemass; an article on PARISAL, by the Rev. H. H. Haweis. Also the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARIES. By A. T. Sibbald.

THE THREE SUITORS. By Charles Harvey.

WHAT'S IN A NAME; OR, THE MARSHTON SCANDAL. By R. A. Lea.

SOME BOOK REVIEWS. By C. W. F. Cooper.

FROM THE HAVANAL. (The High Song of Odin). By Mark Malet.

THE HAUNTED FORGE. By Emily Beauchamp.

THE MARBLE MOUNTAINS. By M. Plummer.

Now in preparation, an EXTRA DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, containing Stories by Mrs. Riddell, J. Falgrave Simpson, and other well-known writers.

London: KELLY and Co., 61, Great Queen-street, W.C.; and all Booksellers.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

A LIBRARY OF GOOD READING.

"The Quiver" contains a library of good reading.

"A volume of 'The Quiver' is a library in itself."

Nonconformist.

NOTICE.—THE FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME OF

THE QUIVER.

being the NOVEMBER PART, is Now Ready, Price 6d., containing:

Luther's Hymns. Rev. R. Macnure, D.D.

The Thirst of God. Rev. H. Macmillan, D.D.

The Fruit of the Spirit. G. Weatherly.

Reuben Gray. (Papers from Dorchester.)

"Dear Refuge of my Weary Soul." New Music.

Grace Norman's Victory. Short Story.

Scripture Lessons for school and Home.

How to Get Rid of Trouble. Rev. Prof. Blaikie, D.D.

Preachers of the Past. Canon Boyd Carpenter.

A Girl's Sacrifice. Short Story.

Sketch of Thebes. Lady Sophia Palmer.

Seventy Years Ago. Rev. S. Pascoe.

The French Boy who Became Famous.

A Prophetic Song. Rev. F. Trevellick, D.D.

Faith's Lullaby. Short Story.

The Divine Life. Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.

A Flower Sermon on a Rainy Day. Rev. G. Calthrop.

The Preacher. Rev. J. H. Davies, B.A.

Honours of the Faith: Martin Luther.

Short Arrows.

"The Quiver" Life-Boat Fund.

"The Quiver" Bible Class.

SERIAL STORIES.—

HIS SECOND SELF.

TOO DEARLY BOUGHT.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited; and at all Booksellers.

THE LUTHER COMMEMORATION.

Part I. now ready, price 7d.

THE HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM.

By the Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. With 600 striking Original Illustrations.

A large PRESENTATION PLATE (measuring 26 in. by 20 in.), entitled "Luther's First Study of the Bible," from the Original Painting by E. M. Ward, R.A., is issued with Part I. of the HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited; and at all Booksellers.

Now ready, Part I., price 1s. of

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.

By VERO SHAW, B.A., assisted by Eminent Authorities. With 28 Facsimile Coloured Plates.

An invaluable book of reference for all who keep dogs.—Observer.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited; and at all Booksellers.

Popular Edition, Monthly, ed., of

WRIGHT'S BOOK OF POULTRY.

Unabridged, with Wood Engravings illustrating the various Breeds. (To be completed in 18 Parts.) Part I. now ready.

"Far and away the finest book on poultry."—Glasgow Herald.

CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited; and at all Booksellers.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, price 5s. 6d.

THE AUTHORIZED EDITION.

Printed in large type from the original Plates, and published by special arrangement with the Author.

THE FREEDOM OF FAITH: A VOLUME

OF SERMONS, BY THEODORE T. MUNGER.

"The Freedom of Faith" will, we feel sure, be hailed with delight by a large number of ministers and others in this country.—Christian World.

"We must say respecting this book that it is rich in thought."—Watchman.

London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C.

JUST READY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FREEDOM

OF FAITH,

and uniform with the above, price 3s. 6d.,

ON THE THRESHOLD: TALKS TO

YOUNG PEOPLE ON PURPOSE, FRIENDS, AND COMPANIONS. MANNERS, THRIFT, SELF-RELIANCE AND COURAGE. HEALTH, READING AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE, AMUSEMENTS, and other subjects.

"It will work a revolution among young men who read it."—New York Times.

London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C.

A BOOK FOR EVERY ENGLISH GIRL.

In 13 Parts, 1s. 6d. each.

Complete in 13 Parts, Part I. just published.

SYLVIA'S YOUNG LADIES' TREASURE

BOOK. A Complete Cyclopædia of Practical Instruction and Direction for all Occupations and Amusements suitable to Young Ladies. Profusely Illustrated with Coloured Plates and Wood Engravings.

This work will be a storehouse of knowledge and information on every subject that enters into girl-life—a judicious counsellor and helper, to whom all may come with full confidence for advice and assistance.

London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square.

NEW NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

At all Libraries, in 3 vols.

PARDONED. BY A. M. HOPKINSON,

Author of "Waiting."

London: J. and H. MAXWELL, Milton House, Shoe-lane.

THE GREAT SOCIAL NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

In 3 vols., at all Libraries.

THY NAME IS TRUTH. A New

Novel, of great political and social importance, by a New Writer.

London: J. and R. MAXWELL, Milton House, Shoe-lane.

MYRA'S JOURNAL.

The most lady-like and economical of all

Keen Magazines.

Price 6d.; by post, 8d.

The NOVEMBER Number contains—

COLOURED PANORAMA FASHION PLATE.

Size, 24 in. by 13 in., showing Fourteen New Models of Costumes for Ladies and Young Ladies.

DIAGRAM SHEET, containing Patterns of—1. The Comte de Paris Mantle; 2. The Rupert Suit for a Boy of Six; 3. The New York Corset; 4. New Puffed Sleeve.

NEW PARIS MODELS OF

Costumes, Toilettes, Mantles.

Chapeaux, Coiffures, and

Jingling for Ladies. Costumes

and Chapeaux for

Children. New Winter

Mantles. Costumes and Chapeaux.

Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

DRESS AND FASHION in

PARIS.

MODES FOR CHILDREN.

SPINNINGS IN TOWN, by the

Silkworm.

To prevent disappointment, Ladies should order at once.

GORDAUB and SON, 39 and 40, Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

"Among fashion journals none can excel those published by Gordaub and Son. The largest and best work of this kind, as far as we have seen, is 'Le Moniteur de la Mode.'—Westmoreland Gazette.

LE MONITEUR DE LA MODE.

Price ONE SHILLING; by post, 1s. 2d.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER contains

FOUR COLOURED FASHION PLATES,

one of which shows the NEW MANTLES and is of

DOUBLE SIZE.

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES OF

LETTERPRESS, illustrated with

OVER ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS

of the Latest Fashions from Paris, and a New Serial Story,

by the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Snailman."

A REVIEW OF THE

DESIGN FOR FURNISHING

A DINING-ROOM.

NEW COIFFURES AND NEW

ORNAMENTS FOR THE

HAIR.

A NEW SERIAL STORY, by the

Author of "A Trap to Catch a

Snailman."

NEW MODES FOR MOURN-

ING.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

FASHIONABLE FINE-ART

NEEDLEWORK.

To be had of all Booksellers; and of

GORDAUB and SON, 39 and 40, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE. Golden

Rules, by WALTER CRAYON. Practical Guide for

Pencil and Crayon. Post-free, 1s. 2d.—LECHTER, BARRE, and

CO., 60, Regent-st., W.—All materials for out-of-door sketching.

Third Edition, 1s., post-free.

THE New Electrolytic Treatment of Cancer

and of Simple Tumours. By G. EDGELOW, M.D.

NELSON and Co., 23, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

By DR. BARR MEADOWS, Physician to the National Institution

for Diseases of the Skin. Ninth Edition, post-free, 3s. 6d.

ERUPTIONS; their Rational Treatment.

London: G. HILL, 134, Westminster Bridge-road.

THE YOUNG VIOLINIST'S TUTOR

AND DUET BOOK. A Collection of Easy Airs Operatic

Selections, and Familiar Melodies, harmonised as Duets for Two

Violins, with simple Scales and Progressive Exercises, and Full

Directions for Parents, Pupil, and Teacher. The whole arranged

on an entirely new

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-STREET.

NOW READY, RICH FABRICS FOR AUTUMN DRESSES. In every combination of style and colour. From 18s. 6d. to 25s. the Dress. A Large Collection of Useful, Plain, and Fancy Dress Materials, 10s. to 14s. 6d. the Dress. Special Novelty Ottoman Cashmere, 12s. the Dress.

A FULL ASSORTMENT of New Autumn Skirtings. In every variety of stripe, 1s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. All the Historical and Military Wool Tartans.

IN WHITE, BLACK, and EVERY COLOUR. Fine Cashmere Merinos. In 84 Shades of Colour double width, 1s. 11d. to 2s. 6d. per yard, all Wool.

FOR AUTUMN and TRAVELLING WEAR. ALL-WOOL SERGES. In every Variety of Make and Colour, including the Witney, Devonshire, Scarborough, &c. In Navy, Black, Bronze, &c., 9d. to 1s. 10d. per yard.

SPECIAL SALE.—300 Very Rich Embroidered Cashmere Robes. The highest quality of Needwork, in all the New Winter Shades of Brown, Navy, Bronze, Myrtle, &c., at 48s. 6d. each. Usual price, 4 guineas.

AUTUMN SILKS. Special attention is called to the new SILK BROCADES, SATINS, VELVETS, MERVEILLEUX, OTTOMANS, &c., all made to match in colour; amongst which are BROCADED SILKS and SATINS, from 48s. 6d. per yard. BROCADED VELVETS, from 7s. 11d. per yard. DUCHESSE SATINS, from 2s. 11d. OTTOMAN SILKS, from 1s. 11d. COLOURED SILKS, from 3s. 3d.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-STREET.

SILK and SATIN COSTUMES. 300 from 24 guineas. Beige Cloth and Serge Costumes, from 21s.; Braided, 29s. 6d. Black Fibre Grenadine Dress, as advertised, 19s. 6d. Material for Bodice included.

PATTERNS and ILLUSTRATIONS and PARCELS FREE.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-STREET.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS. Upon Receipt of Letter or Telegram, EXPERIENCED DRESSMAKERS and MILLINERS travel to all parts of the Country (no matter the distance), free of any extra charge, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full Assortment of Made-up Articles of the best and most suitable description. Also Materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if purchased at the Warehouse in REGENT-STREET. Mourning for servants at unexceptionable low rates, at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals conducted in Town or Country at stated Charges. Address, 236 to 242, Regent-street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S.

PARCELS POST.—FREE. MADE-UP ARTICLES or MATERIALS BY THE YARD forwarded promptly.

BLACK SILKS. Recommended by Peter Robinson. Black Gros Grain Silks 5s. 6d. Black Satin 3s. 11d. Black Brocade (handsome patterns) 5s. 11d. Black Silk Velvet (best Lyons) 11s. 9d. Black Merveilleux (superior) 4s. 11d. Brocade Velvets 8s. 11d. and 12s. 9d. The above are special qualities—but can be supplied at all prices, the stock being immense. PETER ROBINSON, 250 to 262, Regent-street, W.

COSTUMES.—Elegant Silk Costumes, from 5 to 20 guineas. COSTUMES.—Rich and Beautiful Dresses, from 5 to 10 guineas. COSTUMES.—Evening and Fête Dresses, from 1 to 10 guineas. COSTUMES.—Material Dresses in immense variety, the latest fashions, from 2 to 10 guineas.

PETER ROBINSON'S

COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING. 236, REGENT-STREET.

LADIES' JACKET and MANTLE CLOTHS. Sealskins, Ulsterings, Black Diagonals, in great variety. One-third less than West-End prices. For Cash only. G. MEEKING and CO., Woolen Warehouse, 8, Colborne-circus (corner of Hatton-garden), London, E.C.

LA VIE.—The Dresses, Mantles, &c., worn by Miss Lillian La Vie in "La Vie" at the Avenue Theatre, were specially designed and executed by WORTH & CO., 4, Hanover-street, London, W. Ladies desiring the newest style and perfect fit are invited to call.

ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Samples post-free.—All pure Flax, hemmed for use. "The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Per dozen.—Children's, 1s. 3d.; Ladies', 2s. 11d.; Gentlemen's, 3s. 11d. Item-stitched, per dozen.—Ladies', 5s. 11d.; Gents', 7s. 9d.

IRISH LACE.—COLLARS, Sets, and Trimming Laces, in Crochet, Gimpure, Appliqué, Point, and Limerick, at lowest wholesale prices.

IRISH EMBROIDERY.—Ladies should write for our new Illustrated Sheets. Real Irish and Madeira Embroidery; also Machine Work. All buttoned edges, on best cloth, from 24d. per yard.

SHETLAND WOOL SHAWLS.—"The MARVEL" White, two yards square, post-free, 1s. 8d. Pale Blue, Black, Cardinal, Pink, or Grey, 1s. 10d. Write for Illustrated Sheet.

ROBINSON and CLEAVER.

to H.M. the Queen, Belfast. Send for samples and price-lists of our other specialities, post-free.

Diploma of Honour (Highest Award), Amsterdam Exhibition, 1883.

FRY'S

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—Standard.

PURE COCOA ONLY.

FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.

"Strictly pure."—W. W. RODDART, F.I.C., F.C.S., City Analyst, Bristol. SEVENTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOA TINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder. Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoa thickened yet weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c.

The faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestible Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER." Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful to Breakfast Cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis. In Air-Tight Tins, at 1s. 6d., &c., by Chemists and Grocers. H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam-street, London, W.C.

MAPLE and CO.,

TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON.

UPHOLSTERERS by Appointment to

HER MAJESTY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Complimentary WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. An immense variety. Acres of Show-Rooms, for the display of goods, both Useful and Ornamental, from One shilling to One Hundred guineas. The variety is so extensive and various that an inspection is solicited.—MAPLE and CO., London.

MAPLE and CO. Dining-room CLOCKS.

MAPLE and CO. Drawing-room CLOCKS.

MAPLE and CO. Carriage CLOCKS.

CLOCKS.—MAPLE and CO. have a large and varied assortment suitable for dining and drawing room. Over 600 to select from. Price 10s. 9d. to 50 guineas. Handsome marble clock, with inlaid lines in gold, and superior eight-day movement, 22s. 6d.; also Bronzes, great variety. MAPLE and CO., London and Paris.

MAPLE and CO., the Upholsterers doing the Largest Furnishing Business in the world, and holding the Royal Appointment to Her Majesty, wish to inform the Public that Parcels under 7 lb. weight can now be delivered by the New Parcel Post.

DECORATIONS, Artistic Wall Papers. Messrs. MAPLE and CO. undertake every description of ARTISTIC HOUSE DECORATION, including gasfitting, repairs, parquet work, &c. The head of this department is a thoroughly qualified architect, assisted by a large staff of artists and skilled workmen. Coloured Drawings and Estimates furnished.—145, 146, 147, 148, 149, Tottenham-court-road; 1 to 15, Tottenham-place, London.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of BED-ROOM SUITES by MACHINERY.

500 BED-ROOM SUITES, from 3½ guineas to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-glass door to Wardrobe. Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, 10 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, 10 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, plate-glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers, 21s. 14s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash or Walnut, with large plate-glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, large Chest of Drawers, 21s. 18s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, 6-ft. Wardrobe, with Glass door, large Toilet Table and Glass attached. Marble Top Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Pedestal Cupboard, Towel-horse, and Three Chairs, 21 guineas. MAPLE and CO., London.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, 6-ft. Wardrobe, with Glass door, large Toilet Table and Glass attached. Marble Top Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Pedestal Cupboard, Towel-horse, and Three Chairs, 23 guineas.—MAPLE and CO., London.

BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chippendale in design, and Solid Rosewood, Walnut, or dark Mahogany, large Wardrobes (two wings for dressing), with raised center. Duchesse Toilet-Table fitted with jewel-drawers, Washstand with Minton's Tiles, Pedestal Cupboard, Towel-horse, and Three Chairs. These Suites are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel plates. 35 to 60 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippendale, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large Wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85 to 200 guineas.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE free. The largest Furnishing Establishment in the World.

MAPLE and CO. EARLY BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO. CHIPPENDALE BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO. ADAMS' BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO.—300 BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS, fitted with bedding complete, in show-rooms, to select from. Strong iron bedsteads, from 8s. 6d. to 10 guineas; brass bedsteads, from 70s. to 60 guineas. 10,000 in stock.—Tottenham-court-road, London.

MAPLE and CO. Hair MATTRESSES.

MAPLE and CO. WIRE WOVEN MATTRESSES.

MAPLE and CO. French MATTRESSES.

SPRING MATTRESSES.—The Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have made such advantageous arrangements that we are enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring Mattresses at the following low prices:—

3ft. 3ft. 6in. 4ft. 4ft. 6in. 5ft. 21s. 25s. 28s. 30s. 40s.

TURKEY CARPETS.

TURKEY CARPETS, as made in the Seventeenth Century. Only at MAPLE and CO.'S, Tottenham-court-road, London.

TURKEY, Persian, and Indian CARPETS. The following are a few of a great number of exceptionally large sizes: these are not generally to be found ready made, but are always kept in stock by MAPLE and CO.:—

30 ft. 0 in. by 24 ft. 9 in. 32 ft. 5 in. by 19 ft. 7 in. 35 ft. 9 in. by 18 ft. 6 in. 30 ft. 0 in. by 18 ft. 6 in. 31 ft. 0 in. by 20 ft. 7 in. 31 ft. 0 in. by 18 ft. 0 in.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT of INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY CARPETS always in stock. Superior qualities. Purchasers must beware of inferior Turkey Carpets, which are now being manufactured and sold as best quality at so much per square yard.—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road.

MAPLE and CO. Woodstock CARPETS.

MAPLE and CO. Brussels CARPETS.

MAPLE and CO. Wilton CARPETS.

5000 PIECES of Manufacturer's "Best" BRUSSELS, at 3s. 3d. per yard.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have specially made EXTRA QUALITY BRUSSELS, as produced thirty years ago, adapted for hardest wear, at a small increased cost. New and very choice in design. Inspection invited.

MAPLE and CO. First Quality LINENS.

MAPLE and CO.—All LINENS SOLD at the Wholesale Manufacturer's List Price; being purchased direct from the manufacturers, the middleman's profit is saved. The price will, therefore, be found fully 10 per cent below those asked by the Co-operative Societies. Orders from any part of the world will receive the globe packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

MAPLE and CO., London and Paris.

FAMILIES FURNISHING are solicited to inspect the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE in Europe. Acres of Show-Rooms, and Novelties every day from all parts of the world. No family ought to furnish before giving this Establishment a visit. MAPLE and CO., London, W.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT. Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

ORDERS for EXPORTATION to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

MAPLE and CO.—Manufacturers of First-Class Seasoned FURNITURE for immediate shipment. The largest assortment in the world to select from. Orders for exportation to any part of the globe packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-court-road, London; and 61, Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM, KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR)

LIGHT-BROWN

COD-LIVER OIL.

THE PUREST. THE MOST EFFICACIOUS. THE MOST PALATABLE. THE MOST DIGESTIBLE.

Proved by thirty years' medical experience to be THE ONLY COD-LIVER OIL which produces the full curative effects in CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, THROAT AFFECTIONS, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

"The value of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine; but, in addition, I have found it a remedy of great power in the treatment of many Affections of the Throat and Larynx, especially in Consumption of the latter, where it will sustain life when everything else fails."

DR. SINCLAIR COHILL, Physician Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

"I have convinced myself that in Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod-Liver Oil with which I am acquainted. It was especially noted, in a large number of cases in which the patients protested they had never been able to retain or digest other Cod-Liver Oil, that Dr. DE JONGH'S OIL was not only tolerated, but taken readily, and with marked benefit."

DR. HUNTER SEMPLE, Physician Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Chest.

"I have long been aware of the great reputation enjoyed by the LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL introduced into medical practice by Dr. DE JONGH, and have recommended it with the utmost confidence. I have no hesitation in stating my opinion, that it possesses all the qualities of a good and efficient medicine. Its taste is by no means disagreeable, and might even be called pleasant. I have found Dr. DE JONGH'S OIL very useful in cases of Chronic Cough, and especially in Laryngeal Disease complicated with Consumption."

JOSEPH J. POPE, Esq., M.R.C.S., Late Staff-Surg., Army, Prof. of Hygiene, Birkbeck Institution.

"I found during my Indian experience that the worth and character of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL remained unchanged by tropical heat or foreign climate, and it was, from its uniformity of character, particularly adapted for long-continued administration. The value of 'hydro-carbons' in all debilitated states of the system is now becoming thoroughly recognised; and it is, without doubt, from the animal oils and fats, rather than from their vegetable substitutes, that we may hope to derive the greatest benefit. The value of Dr. DE JONGH'S OIL in everyone's reach, a reliable and valuable remedy, one that cannot be too widely recognised."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL is sold ONLY in capsuled IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 8s.; by all respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the World.

SOLE CONSIGNEES. ANSAR, HARRISON, and CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON. CAUTION.—Reject substitutes offered solely for extra profit.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT INDIGESTION.—AN AUTOGRAPHY.—"It appeals forcibly to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Globe. Send for a copy to-day; it costs but 2d., including postage. J. M. RICHARDS, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

GET a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It instantly relieves and cures severe

scalds, burns, sprains, bruises, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, rheumatic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally, cures at once coughs, sudden colds, cramp in stomach, colic, diarrhoea, and cholera infantum. PAIN KILLER is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of fifty years. Any Chemist can supply it, at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE and LIVER COMPLAINT.—The Holman Pad has stood the severest and most thorough test for years. It has a national reputation established through its wonderful efficacy in all ailments that have their origin in a torpid liver, diseased kidneys, or stomach ailment. It has been endorsed by thousands of earnest, intelligent, living witnesses, who will tell you that the Holman Pad is a cure for these diseases. Read the pamphlet entitled "Nature's Laws," sent free to any address. HOLMAN PAD COMPANY, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

INVALUABLE TO ALL WHO SUFFER from bilious and liver complaints, indigestion, wind, spasms, giddiness, dizziness of the eyes, &c.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS will be found a certain cure. For habitual constiveness, as a family aperient medicine, and as a purifier of the blood, they are unequalled. Mild in their operation, they create appetite, promote digestion, and strengthen the whole nervous system. Prepared by W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.; and sold in Boxes, at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., everywhere. The genuine is in a square green package.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM CURED BY THE USE OF DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR and PILLS. Approved of by DR. OSLAN HENRY, Analytical Chemist of the "Académie de Médecine" of Paris. "The Liquor to be used in acute state of gout or rheumatism; the Pills in chronic state." Wholesale: COMAR, 28, Rue St. Claude, Paris. London: Newbery and Sons, 1, King Edward-street. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, and rheumatism.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL and STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

BLAIR'S THE GREAT REMEDY FOR GOUT and RHEUMATISM. The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine. These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

PRATT'S LADIES' BELTS AND ABDOMINAL SUPPORTS ARE CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED AS THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND EFFICIENT EVER MADE. Apply to the Ladies' Attendant, J. F. PRATT, 43 (late 420), OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.

NUDA VERITAS.—GREY HAIR restored by this specific: after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Unequalled as a dressing. It causes growth, arrests falling, and its use defies detection. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Druggists. Testimonials free. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

THROAT DISEASES.—BROWN'S

BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved so successful in America for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 11d. per Box. Put up in the form of a lozenge, it is the most convenient, pleasant, safe, and sure remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice in the world.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Soreness of the Throat.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 11d. per Box.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. Each year finds the Troches in some new, distant localities in various parts of the world. Being an article of merit, when once used the value of the Troches is appreciated, and they are kept always at hand to be used as occasion requires. Singers and public speakers will find them excellent to clear the voice and render articulation wonderfully easy.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Irritation in the Throat.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for Public Speakers.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for Singers.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Used by everybody.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold at 1s. 11d. per Box.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are perfectly safe.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. The demulcent ingredients allay pulmonary irritation, and after public speaking or singing, when the throat is wearied and weakened by too much exercise, their use will give renewed strength to the vocal organs. For public speakers, singers, and those who overtax the voice, they are useful in relieving an irritated throat, and will render articulation easy. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, 1s. 11d. per Box.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold in all parts of the United States.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold in Australia.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold in the Cape Colonies.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold in India.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold in Paris.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold Everywhere.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Prepared by John I. Brown and Sons, Boston, United States.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for clergymen's sore throats. Public speakers and singers will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold" in its first stages. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected soon attacks the lungs. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. They may be had of any Medicine Dealer, at 1s. 11d. per Box.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Coughs.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Colds.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Bronchitis.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Asthma.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Catarrh.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Cure Soreness of the Throat.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for Irritation of the Throat.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES or COUGH LOZENGES. They are very pleasant to take, contain no opium, and children will find them very beneficial in cases of whooping-cough. People who are troubled with a hacking cough should try them at once; they are a safe and sure remedy. Brown's Bronchial Troches for pulmonary and asthmatic disorders have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

London Dépôt, 33, Farringdon-road, London.



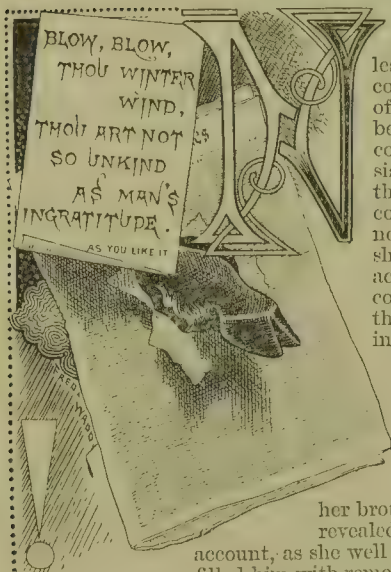
On a certain evening the Canon was sitting with his sister, as usual—but not, as usual, at his books. He was reading, for the third or fourth time, a letter that had come that afternoon from his darling boy.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE SHADOW OF TROUBLE.



NOW that Sophy was gone, the Canon spent less of his time in his college rooms and more of it at home than had been his wont, out of consideration for his sister. Aunt Maria felt the absence of her young companion very much, notwithstanding that she had been so long accustomed to it. If she could have been certain that Sophy was happy in her married life, this world doubtless have been less the case; but she had her suspicions, though she did not communicate them to others, that this was not so. To

her brother she would not have revealed them upon any account, as she well knew they would have filled him with remorse for the part he had taken in the matter; he had favoured Adair, and favoured him still, though their intercourse of late had been interrupted. Like thousands of other good women, it was Miss Aldred's constant endeavour to make life easy to the man to whom she was devoted. Only a woman can understand what a sacrifice it was of her own feelings and impulses thus to keep silence; but she kept it. She walked a good deal, read a good deal, and played Russian Patience a good deal—using only six parcels of cards to get her four suits, or sometimes a seventh, when no human eye was watching her.

On a certain winter evening the Canon was sitting with her as usual—but not, as usual, at his books. The day's newspaper, too, lay rejected upon his knee; he was reading, for the third or fourth time, a letter that had come that afternoon from his darling boy. He was coming home, though not immediately; and, strange to say, the delay lay at the Canon's door. Robert did not wish to leave India till he had got a reply to this very letter, which, among other matters, put a question of great importance to himself.

"It is now five years ago, my dear father, as you will perhaps recollect, since I mentioned to you the name of Alma Treherne. From a boy, as I then was, with my foot on the first rung of the ladder of promotion, such a communication must have seemed wild and premature indeed; but you replied to it, like yourself, with patience and kindness. You did not laugh at me, nor even discouragé me, but left matters to

time. I have written to you upon the same subject so often, that in the case of anyone else I should have felt that I must be growing tedious; but after five years I find myself loving Alma more than ever. During that space of time she has declined many much better offers for my sake, and doubtless many better men; but none who loved her as I do, for that (as it seems to me) is impossible. My position, as regards finances, is much improved by my having obtained the adjutancy, but not sufficiently so to obtain the General's consent to our marriage. Neither of us blame him; life in India is different from life at home. The notion of living comfortably upon a moderate income is entertained by very few people, and by no one in the Brigadier's position. He asks me bluntly enough, though not with personal disfavour, what are my expectations, and especially what sort of allowance my father can make me. To this, of course, I can give no answer, and must await your reply. I cannot say how it distresses me to make such an application to you. I am aware that you have many expenses, and little to spare; but a little, with what I have of my own, will now suffice. If I thought I should be in any way crippling you, or depriving you of a single comfort, or even the means of gratifying your own generous and benevolent disposition, I should feel I was procuring my own happiness at too great a price. It will be only waiting a little longer till my prospects have improved, as they must needs do; for I am sure of Alma, and Alma is sure of me. You will not, I am sure, imagine, when I say that my return to England will depend on your reply, that I am suggesting that as a reason for your acceding to my request. I know how much you wish to see me, by my own vehement desire to see you; but I am not base enough, I hope, to make use of your affection for me as a lever to gain my own ends. I am quite certain you will help me if you can, but if you cannot (which is quite possible), I shall be content to shake the pagoda-tree till I have got rupees enough to satisfy the General, when I shall bring Alma home, to find another father in your dear self."

There was much more to the same effect; the whole letter was full of love and confidence and filial consideration. It would have gladdened any father's heart: but that of the Canon fairly leapt for joy, not only from the consciousness of his Robert's worth, but of his own ability to ensure the young fellow's happiness. Without going into details with respect to his own finances, he was quite confident that he should be able to allow his son an annual income which would considerably exceed the young man's modest expectations, and also to satisfy the General as regarded his future son-in-law's prospects. It has been often said that there is no real happiness in wealth, which, in the case of vast riches, is doubtless true enough; but the possession of an income, with a surplus that admits of our giving happiness to others, is nevertheless a very pleasant thing. If the surplus is small, and it is rather a squeeze to spare it, the feelings of the giver (though to some persons this will seem incredible) are still more to be envied. As the Canon, looking straight before him, saw his way to depriving himself of certain

pleasures so as to produce the requisite funds for his son, a smile stole over his face, like the evening sun upon an autumn landscape.

Aunt Maria, looking up from her cards, perceived it. "I believe, my dear William," she said, slyly, "that you have read that letter of Robert's seven times."

"I believe, my dear Maria," was the Canon's quiet retort, "that you have taken eight packs to do that game."

"No, William, only seven; I confess to seven."

"If you confess to seven, you must have had nine."

"I did nothing of the kind, Sir; moreover, I managed for the last time with only six."

"That was when I was not looking, which accounts for the statement."

"You are very rude, Sir; you will not be fit to speak to when your Robert comes home, since the very thought of it renders you so audacious; I shall get Alma, however, on my side, against you both. I mean to teach her *bélique*."

"Poor girl," murmured the Canon, pitifully.

To this impertinence Aunt Maria made no rejoinder, and the Canon, putting his son's letter in his breast-pocket next his heart, took up the newspaper from his knees.

Up to this time brother and sister had had no secrets from each other, unless that somewhat imprudent laxity on Aunt Maria's part in the matter of Herbert Perry could be called so. She thoroughly understood her brother's devotion to his son, and appreciated it; she was not a whit jealous, and thought it only natural she should be No. 2 in the Canon's mind, and his Robert No. 1. Like many others of her sex, she had very little of No. 1 in her composition. Her brother's tastes and occupations were not in her line; but if she did not sympathise with them, she respected them. And he, on his part, recognised her many virtues, and loved her with that love which so rarely lives to be old—the love which children bear to one another who

At one dear knee have proffered vows,
One lesson at one look have learnt.

After all the changes and chances of half a century, Maria was the same to him as when they went hand in hand to the dame's school together.

They had talked over together Robert's letter and agreed what was to be done as to certain retrenchments (not of a very serious kind, however), and if the lad had been her own son instead of only her nephew, Aunt Maria could not have been more eager for sacrifice. Barclay, the butler, was to go, for one thing, and be succeeded by a parlour-maid; a circumstance, though she had some domestic pride about her, the lady of the house only grieved for upon Barclay's account, and probably (since he was sure of a good place elsewhere) much more than Barclay.

I linger over the quiet and unruffled happiness of this mature couple, because there is trouble in store for them. Oh why, one asks (but despairing of reply), is Black Care suffered to perch upon dovescotes such as this, while the hawk's nest (full of the bones of the innocent) and the vulture's filthy lair remain so often unshadowed by his presence? If there

is no future wherein such things are remedied, the Atheist's sneer, "There is a little mismanagement somewhere," is justified indeed.

As the Canon ran, his eye down the paper (with particular attention to the publishers' column, where a new edition of "Aldred's Concordance of Milton" was conspicuous), it suddenly lit upon something which compelled an ejaculation.

"My dear William! what is the matter?" exclaimed Aunt Maria, alarmed, for to her ear there had been vexation and even apprehension in her brother's tone.

"I've got the pins and needles," said the Canon, stretching out his leg and rubbing it. It was a lie; but the Recording Angel if (as is probable) he knew his business, so far from putting it down (as in a certain case we wot of) on the debit side of the account, and erasing it with a tear, put it down to the Canon's credit; for that lie could do no one any harm, and was uttered to save a fellow-creature pain.

"You've quite put me out," said Aunt Maria, with irritation. "I really must have one packet more."

Then there was a silence, broken only by the fall of the cards. Not a sheet of the newspaper was turned over, the Canon's gaze was fixed upon a single item—it was amongst the advertisements—which he read again and again, but always with a keener pang.

What that advertisement really meant to the poor Canon, if he could have foreseen the end of it, was a personal catastrophe; to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, it "spelt ruin." But at the moment (and for long afterwards) he did not connect the matter with himself at all; it annoyed and alarmed him very much, but solely on account of others who were dear to him, and whom alone it seemed to menace. Most men under such circumstances would have behaved with more philosophy: the Devil showed his knowledge of mankind in general when, after afflicting Job without much effect by proxy—that is, only in the persons of his belongings—he observed "Skin for skin, let me touch myself, and then we shall see what he thinks of the fitness of things." The Devil, however, like many other folk, generalises upon insufficient data; he knows next to nothing of good people, and had not even a bowing acquaintance with our friend the Canon.

After the first shock was over, "I must keep this sorrow from poor Maria," was this good fellow's main idea, and this, through all his subsequent reflections, he kept steadily in view. They were very sombre reflections, full of vague doubts and fears, and (this alone was certain) of keen disappointment. He had been deceived in one he respected; one also, it would have seemed to most men, whom he had favoured and assisted, and who had made a scurvy return, indeed, for all his benefits; but upon that part of the matter he laid no stress.

If Frederic Irton had happened to be at the Laburnums he would have dropped in next door and conferred with him; but it was winter time, and the young lawyer was in town making honey (with a good deal of wax in it) in the legal line. Mr. Mavors, indeed, was in college, a firm and trusty friend, well qualified to be an adviser upon most matters; but there was a reason which forbade the Canon to consult him in this particular instance. He was not sure (though indeed he might have been) that the other would be able to resist the temptation of saying, "This is just what I expected all along." At all events, his own apprehensions would only have derived corroboration from that source, and what he needed was comfort—i.e., to have them allayed.

It was necessary, therefore, that the Canon should go to the fountain-head whence these bitter waters came, and learn the worst at once; only a pretext was necessary to throw dust in the eyes of Aunt Maria. He was a very bad hand at duplicity; that idea of "the pins and needles" had been but a mere happy inspiration. What excuse could he hit upon to get away from home without suspicion? Presently the evening post came in with a circular about somebody's goods which had to be disposed of (so it was stated, and in print too) at an alarming sacrifice. He perused it with a great pretence of attention, and then, thrusting it into his pocket beside Robert's precious missive, exclaimed, "Well, that is a nuisance. I am afraid I shall have to run up to town to-morrow to see Adair."

"Dear me! and such very bad weather for travelling, my dear brother. Why shouldn't Mr. Adair come here; I suppose it's his business."

"Oh, yes, it's his business," returned the Canon, nursing this spark of truth; "it isn't *my* business; but still I am comparatively an idle man (he always used that word "comparatively" in connection with his freedom from toil. He had a notion that he worked rather hard), and Adair is a very busy one. I am afraid I must go. If I go by the express I can get back by dinner-time."

"Upon my word, William, I hope Mr. Adair is conscious of the trouble he gives you with his affairs, and is grateful for all your kind assistance to him."

"Well, I suppose he knows it's for Sophy's sake, my dear," returned the Canon, grimly.

"Then I hope he pays his debt of gratitude to Sophy. I am sometimes rather inclined to doubt it."

Adair was not a favourite with Aunt Maria, as her brother knew; nevertheless, her tone, when taken in connection with that private matter he had in his mind, made the Canon uneasy.

"I hope, my dear, that you do not mean to suggest," he said, "that Adair and his wife do not get on happily together?"

"I don't go so far as to say that; she has never uttered a word of complaint to me, but I don't think he treats her with confidence. His mind seems to be always occupied, so that there is no room in it for his wife and child."

"I suppose he has a great deal to think about."

"Very likely; but he should think about his affairs at his office, not bring them home with him. It would be excusable, perhaps, in the case of a person immersed in speculation, but with a steady business, such as he is concerned with, it is monstrous that he should come back silent and sullen, as if he had the cares of the world on his shoulders."

"Well, how do you know that, if Sophy has not told you?"

"Well, she has never dropped one single word to suggest the contrary—never spoken, that is, as a young wife who shares her husband's confidence always does speak to her own belongings. You and I, of course, never see the seamy side of Mr. Adair; he takes care when we are with him to be upon his best behaviour; but there are others who have better opportunities of judging, who give anything but a good report of him. I think it positively monstrous, William," concluded Aunt Maria, energetically, "that a man in your position, and at your time of life, should be summoned up to town in such weather as this, with snow on the ground, to dance attendance upon Mr. John Adair."

This last outburst comforted the Canon somewhat; it seemed to supply the key to much of Aunt Maria's enmity against Sophy's husband. Still her invectives increased his uneasiness with regard to the matter he had in hand.

As a rule, he slept the sleep of the just; but that night he had very little slumber, and awoke unrefreshed, to shave and dress by candle-light, which was obnoxious to a man of his habits. The general impression of inconvenience and being

put about was quite overwhelmed, however, by more serious considerations.

The long cheerless journey in the train (except when he took out Robert's letter and read it again, which always acted as a cordial) was a very miserable business. Every crumpled rose-leaf to a man of his habit of life appears a thorn. Nor were things better with him when he found himself in the damp cab at the terminus. Having gone up with the intention of seeing Adair the first thing, it would have been very natural, one would have thought, for him to have driven straight to his office, but it was not natural to the Canon. He didn't like offices; perhaps, too, he somewhat distrusted his own command of himself. He felt that he should be less likely to quarrel with his former protégé under the same roof with Sophy than in his city haunt. At all events, he drove to Albany-street, a very unexpected visitor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

As places of business are closed to clients after office hours, so in private houses, unless they belong to persons who can afford to keep many servants, there are no arrangements for the reception of visitors until the usual time for callers. "The man" is cleaning plate, "the boy" is grinding the knives at the machine; and one of the maids (if she is good-natured) will answer the door for such gentry. Thus it happened that the Canon, issuing, bag in hand, from his damp cab, was admitted by the amazed Jeannette.

"Lor, Sir!" she said, with a warmth of welcome to her old master that thawed all the proprieties, and briskly wiping her right hand with her apron, for she knew that he would shake it, "who would have thought that it was you?"

"Well, I suppose no one; it's out of canonical hours, I know. Still, I suppose I shall be admitted."

"Dear heart, how glad my poor mistress will be to see you," was Jeannette's reply.

That word "poor" slipped from her lips by accident—her astonishment at the sight of the unexpected visitor was too great to admit of any choice of expressions, but it did not escape the Canon's ear. The door of a sitting-room on one side of the little hall stood open, and he mechanically entered it, Jeannette as mechanically following him.

"Is anything the matter?" he inquired, in a hoarse, hushed voice.

"No, Sir; no, Sir," she answered (at once made conscious, by his tone, of her indiscretion). "Things are going on much as usual; Miss Sophy, that was, is not strong, but she keeps up, considering."

"Considering what?"

"Well, the state of the poor child, Sir; she is very delicate, and at best, I fear, will be a cripple for life."

"That is sad, indeed," said the Canon, but there was a sort of relief in his tone, for he had thought only that Jeannette had changed front just in time to put the suspicion to flight, that she was referring to other matters not so patent as Willie's state of health.

"You see, Sir, my mistress frets a bit, of course. She has the poor child always before her eyes, even when she is away from her, which hardly ever happens."

"But is it worse?" inquired the Canon, using the neuter for the instant, because he was a man first and scholar afterwards.

"No, Sir; not to say worse, but no better—and, in my mind, never will be. Good heavens, if she was to die!" murmured Jeannette, wringing her hands, "I believe my mistress would die too."

"Poor thing, poor soul; and even now she must be very lonesome!"

"Except Miss Henny, as was, Sir, who is an angel, she sees no one."

"But that is not right, she should encourage the visits of cheerful folk. She must have a weary time of it all day till her husband comes home."

Jeannette did not reply to this. It was on the tip of her tongue to say, in that loyal and friendly presence, "It would be much better if he never came home." But, woman though she was, she withstood the temptation like a man. It would have been dangerous to be so candid with one himself so frank, and who might have quoted her to others. Still, her very silence, under the circumstances, was, to the Canon's eyes, only too significant, "What time does Mr. Adair usually come home?" he said, pulling out his watch.

"Only just before dinner-time, between half-past six and seven—that is, when he *does* come home."

A shadow fell upon the Canon's face, "He does not often even dine with her, then," was his reflection. "I'll stay here to-night," he murmured, thinking aloud. "I am glad I brought my bag on the chance, and before I forget it, I'll telegraph to Maria. Have you any telegraph forms in the house?"

"Forms! why bless you, Sir, fifty. Mr. Adair is always telegraphing. We've all sorts, but of course you want an English one," and she hurried out to get one.

What did this mean, that her master was always telegraphing, and on all sorts of forms? That he might do so from his office was natural enough, but from home? The Canon's forebodings grew darker and darker.

"You'll pardon my freedom, Sir," said Jeannette, returning, "but if you have any bad news I hope you won't tell it to my mistress. She has enough to bear already with the poor child's illness."

"I have no bad news, my girl. What should put that into your head?"

"Well, Sir, I fancied you looked rather 'down,' and it is so important, the doctor told me, my mistress should be kept up. He gives her tonics and things; but then he might just as well bring her a penny whistle; better, because it would amuse the child."

"Little Willie has plenty of toys, I hope," said the Canon, writing his telegram, "Detained till to-morrow by business," &c.

"She has some as Mrs. Irton gives her, but Mr. Adair doesn't hold much with toys, and my mistress has little money of her own to spend on such things, as you are doubtless aware."

Jeannette could not resist that little fling, and it was safe to indulge in it. Not only herself, but everyone in the house knew that her master was "mean" in money matters.

"I am not aware of anything of the kind," said the Canon, forgetting prudence, and even the proprieties, in his vehement indignation. "Whatever money your master has," he was about to say, "is your mistress's," but he altered it just in time to, "is your mistress's also; man and wife are one."

"So they say, Sir," was the quiet rejoinder. "I'll see that your telegram goes myself, Sir," she added in another tone. "Will you please come up stairs to the drawing-room, the sight of you will do my mistress more good than all the tonics in the world?"

"I wish I could feel equally sure of that," thought the Canon, with a sigh, as he reflected on the reason which had brought him up to town. "I am afraid I bring but cold com-

fort." He was thankful, however, that he had been thus forewarned by Jeannette, and determined within himself to let fall no hint of his apprehensions to her mistress.

A drawing-room well furnished but without a fire in it in winter time is like a dandy without brains; two minutes of it is more than enough; if one's mission is melancholy, its effect is particularly depressing. "I am all for show," says the lace; "I am all for shine," says the gilt; "a jolly good fire made of all these gewgaws, and an arm-chair that one could sit in would be infinitely preferable to them," says the face of the visitor in the looking-glass. There was warmth enough, however, in Sophy's reception for him, for she came flying into the room with her arms extended, "My dear, dear, guardian!" she exclaimed, "you are more welcome than words can say," and she remained locked in his embrace for more than the usual time allowed for such transports. The Canon did not dare release himself, for he felt that she was weeping passionately on his breast, and the sight of a woman's tears, as we know, was terrible to him. He patted her little head encouragingly, but that seemed only to make her worse; the very floodgates of her heart seemed to have been set wide.

"It is so foolish of me," she presently sobbed, "and so wicked of me; but I cannot, cannot help it. It seems so long since I have seen you, guardian; and you were always so good to me."

"Pooh, pooh! Good to you, little woman! Why, of course I was good to you, as you call it. And I hope everybody else is good to you."

She answered nothing, but her sobbing ceased at once; her thoughts seemed to have been turned into another channel.

"I have come up all of a sudden upon a little business matter to see your husband," he continued; "perhaps you will give me a bit of dinner and a bed."

"Oh yes, oh yes; I am so very glad."

"That's well. I am charged with all sorts of loving messages from your Aunt Maria, but have forgotten every one of them. I only know she envied me the sight of you."

"Dear heart, kind heart!" murmured poor Sophy.

To the Canon's ear it sounded like the cooing of a wounded dove.

"And now about the child, Sophy. How is little Willie? No worse, at all events, I trust?"

"I think not—I trust not. You shall see her at once. There is a fire in her room, which there should have been here. I quite forgot how cold you must be in my rapture at seeing you, and also how hungry. It is only twenty minutes, however, to luncheon-time."

Sophy led him up into a back room in which there were two beds. The child was sitting on Jeannette's lap, looking at a picture-book; but, on seeing her mother, struggled down. As she ran across the nursery floor she fell. Sophy picked her up and covered her with kisses.

"Little Willie sometimes forgets her crutch," said Jeannette, in explanation; "but we should be thankful that she gets about at all."

"Does the child sleep by herself in that big bed?" inquired the Canon, in a tone which Sophy, engaged in soothing the child's cries, could not overhear.

"No, Sir; her mother sleeps there with her, and I in the other bed."

"Does the poor little thing, then, require so much attendance?"

Jeannette shook her head; the expression of her face spoke volumes.

"*A mens et thoro*," muttered the Canon.

The truth was that, when the child first met with her accident, her cries used to awake her mother at night, and consequently her father. As Mr. John Adair valued his sleep, as an investment, very highly, he did not wish to part with any portion of it.

"If you are so anxious about that child, you had better sleep in the room with it," he observed, sullenly; and Sophy had taken him at his word. Only, when little Willie's pains had ceased to be acute, she still kept to her quarters in the nursery.

Willie was mentally very precocious, though not in the same line as her great friend and patron, Stevy. She was even brighter at her spelling than he had been, but had none of his naivete and high spirits. She did not concern herself with the government of the universe or detect anomalies in it; if she had prejudices she concealed them; but nothing within her limited range escaped her notice. She worshipped her mother, and while being hugged to her bosom was the recipient of many a whispered confidence, which she understood much better than Sophy imagined, or she would never have treasured them. An elin child—without the elin mischief—who, burdened with an exceptional trouble, had a premature intelligence which, when not kept in abeyance by physical pain, enabled her to bear and even make light of it. "A most reasonable little patient," said the doctor, since she never declined what was unsavoury, when once she had found it benefited her; a "converted gutter child," as Frederic Irton called her, somewhat to his wife's indignation, because she had the intelligence of the street Arab without his tricks; and to all eyes the quaintest little creature. Though not unlike her mother in feature, Willie differed wholly from her in expression. Sophy had always had something of the *beauté du diable*; Willie had an angel face full of life and motion, though (like one of those transposed photographs which tickled the public taste a year or two ago) it was set on a crippled body.

After luncheon the Canon proposed a walk to the Irtons, much more for his companion's sake (since he knew that Frederic would be in his city quarters) than his own; the sun had come out brightly, and he thought the fresh air would do Sophy good. It seemed to do so, or perhaps the touch of the Canon's arm and his talk of old times brightened her face.

"I suppose," he said, "on fine mornings you sometimes walk part of the way with your husband to the city."

The sunshine faded out of her eyes at once.

"No; he always takes a cab."

"But is not that rather expensive? I should have thought, with his prudent habits, that an omnibus would have served his turn."

"He says that that would be false economy; that time is money to a busy man; and, indeed, he does not seem to have one hour unoccupied."

"Um! In my opinion, that's rather overdoing it," said the Canon, with the air of a man who has tried that system and discovered its evils. "It is not the mere hours by which work is measured, but what is done in them. If a man takes up a book or a newspaper, or whistles and goes to the window half-a-dozen times, I don't call that doing business."

"I don't think my husband ever takes up a book at the office, or whistles," observed Sophy.

"Then it's ten to one he does something worse—I mean fritters away his time still more absurdly," said the Canon, with irritation. "It is my experience that the men who are really busiest have the most leisure for everything. Nine hours at the office, you say. It's positively ridiculous that a man should keep at stock-broking for nine hours. I suppose he snatches an hour or two for luncheon?"

"I don't know," answered Sophy.

Never, thought the Canon, with grave concern, had he met a young wife who knew less about her husband's ways than this one.

Henny received both her visitors with exceeding warmth, but, as one of them did not fail to observe (for just now the Canon had eyes for everything in connection with his ward), she evinced quite as much surprise at seeing Sophy as himself.

Mrs. Helford, indeed, who, as usual, was staying with her daughter, exclaimed cheerily, "Well, this is an honour, Sophy: but I suppose, if the truth were told, we are indebted for it to your guardian."

While she was engaging her young friend in conversation, the Canon took the opportunity of asking Henny whether she saw much of Sophy.

"I am sorry to say," she answered, gravely, "very little. Stevie sees most of her, because when he is here for the holidays he makes a point of going to cheer up little Willie. But it is not my fault, Canon, I do assure you. I go to Albany-street as often as I dare."

"What do you mean by 'dare'?"

"Well, to tell the honest truth, Mr. Adair and Frederic are not very fond of one another, and though, of course, dear Sophy always makes me welcome, my visits are not encouraged by her husband. She herself has not been here for months—though not, I am sure, because she has not wished to come."

"Dear me," said the Canon, "that is very unfortunate for poor Sophy."

"And for me, I do assure you. There is nothing that Fred. and I would not do for her."

"This takes me altogether by surprise," said the Canon, disconsolately. "I am come up here on a matter of business connected with Adair, but on which I should like to have had your husband's opinion, and I had almost thought of taking the responsibility of asking him to dine to-night in Albany-street, but it seems that that would be reckoning without my host."

"It would, indeed," said Henny, emphatically. "I could not ask Frederic to do such a thing. His best advice, however, and I need not say his assistance in every way, will, of course, be at your service."

"Just so. It is possible I shall look in upon him to-morrow morning upon my way back to Cambridge. Will he be at his office?"

"I am quite sure he will, when he learns what I have to tell him. I should ask you to wait for him now; but, unfortunately, he cannot be home to-day till close upon seven o'clock. Some dreadful client from the country has cut me off an hour of his society."

The Canon could not help reflecting with a sigh how different was Henny's tone in speaking of her husband to that of Sophy, and how cognizant she seemed to be of all his movements. The strained relations, however, between the two men did not much surprise him. Irton had never taken to Adair; had it not been so the Canon would, perhaps, have consulted the solicitor in the first place upon the matter in hand; but it seemed to him disloyalty to Adair to speak to one who was unfriendly to him about his affairs before, at least, he had given an opportunity for explanation; there was also, perhaps, some sense of humiliation, for any such application to Irton would have been a tacit confession that he himself had suspicions of the man whom he had always upheld and stuck by. On the whole, that visit to Maida Vale had by no means set his mind at ease as to the business on which he had come up to town—but the contrary.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Newcastle has become a patron of the Incorporated Free and Open Church Association.

On the 18th inst. the Dean of Norwich, on behalf of the clergy of the diocese, presented to the Bishop of the diocese a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. Oulless, R.A. The presentation was made to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Lordship's consecration.

On the 18th inst., at Lambeth Palace Chapel, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Bishop Caldwell, and the Bishops of Lahore and Dover, consecrated the Rev. Arthur William Poole, Bishop of the Church of England in Japan.

The Rev. C. A. Smythies, Vicar of Roath, Cardiff, has accepted the Bishopric of the Central African Mission field.

Another donation of £500 has been promised from the Bishop of St. Albans Fund towards the erection of the new Church of St. Saviour, Forest Gate, on condition that the remaining £1500 is collected by the end of the present month.

St. Paul's, New Swindon, of which the nave was consecrated in June, 1881, has been completed by the addition of chancel, organ-chamber, and vestry. It is free and unappropriated, and open daily for private prayer.

The parish church of Northallerton has been restored at a cost of £6000, towards which nearly £5200 has been raised. The Rev. W. C. Barwis, the Vicar, and Mr. Little gave £100 each towards the restoration fund.

The Guild of St. Luke, the members of which consist of medical men and students, held their anniversary festival on the 18th inst. in St. Paul's Cathedral, a large congregation being present. The Bishop of Bedford preached from Luke x. 9, on physical healing as a type of spiritual healing. The musical portion of the service was undertaken by the London Gregorian Choral Association.

The death is announced, in his eighty-first year, of Mr. Egerton Vernon Harcourt, of Whit, near Malton, youngest surviving son of the late Archbishop Harcourt, and uncle to Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary. He made over, in 1878, the sum of £10,000, and, in 1881, an additional sum of £5000, to the Archbishop of York, for the augmentation of poor livings within the county of York. Mr. Harcourt held two offices, the principal magistracy of the province of York and the magistracy of the diocese of York.

A magnificent east window of five lights, the work of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, has recently been dedicated in the interesting village church at Beetham, in Westmorland, at a cost of £250. It is a memorial to the late Rev. W. Hutton, M.A., who served the church as Vicar for thirty-seven years, and the amount was raised by parishioners and friends. The present Vicar, the Rev. G. W. Cole, mentioned in a sermon that he had found it recorded in an old parish history compiled by his predecessor's grandfather that in the time of Cromwell a feeble of the Grammar School had entered the church, and compelled the scholars to join the drunken soldiers of Fairfax in destroying the stained windows. Many scholars, past and present, have subscribed to the memorial as an act of reparation.—The church of Lyonsall, in Herefordshire, has been enriched by a painting in the reredos, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street.—A handsome stained-glass window, provided by public subscription, in memory of the late Mr. John Maurice Herbert, for thirty-five years County Court Judge for the Monmouth district (Circuit 14), was unveiled on the 18th inst. at Goodrich church, between Monmouth and Ross.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

G A (City Chess Club).—We are greatly obliged by your kind attention.
F H (Munich).—A very elegant composition. It shall have early publication.
W B (Stratford).—We like the last best, and, if found correct, it shall soon appear.
L S (New-cross).—There is no test of skill required for admission to a chess club. The City of London, subscription ten shillings per annum, should suit you, as the play is always in the evenings. The meetings are held at Moullet's Hotel, Newgate-street.
HARRY (Lotos Club, New York).—Letter received. The paper has been sent to you; the irregularity must therefore be on your side of the water. We shall reply in full through the post.
G W M (Bath).—The problem is a very good one, but it is too well known for republication.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2062 received from H H G (Salisbury), Emile Fraa, Alpha, and Hereward; of No. 2063 from H H G (Salisbury), Submarine, Emile Fraa, G J F Tate, J Keene, Schmucke, A B Wyon, and New Forest.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2064 received from H B, Gyp, E H H, E London, C Sherrard, Emile Fraa, Hereward, A H Mann, W Liddle, Nellie, Donald Mackay, T Brandreth, St. George, R H Brooks, Jupiter Junior, T H Holdron, James Pilkington, G W Law, N S Harris, W J Hudson, Ben Nevis, T Greenbank, C Oswald, R L Southwell, H Reeve, Currier, H P Shaw, George Reed, M J H, Corsair, George Johnson, A Ridgway, Francis Adams, A Chapman, L Falcon (Antwerp), G S Oufell, W Dewe, E Casella (Paris), G Seymour, L L Greenaway, M O'Halloran, W H F Johnson, L Deangas, H H, and Raymond.
NOTE.—The foregoing have sent the author's solution, without observing that there is a flaw in the problem, springing from Black's defence. I. R takes P. This has been pointed out by E J Winter Wood, T W Ross (Cardiff), P O N Hopkins, F H A, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, and Otto Fidler (Ghent).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2063.

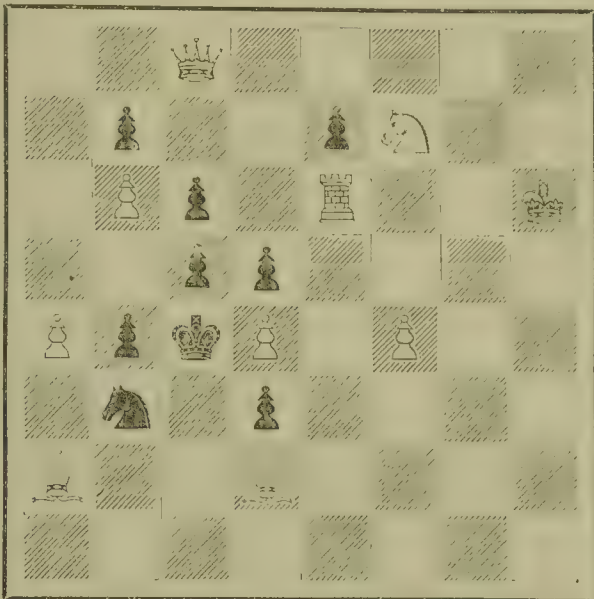
WHITE.
1. R to Kt 4th
2. B to B 6th
3. P to B 5th, dis ch and mate.

BLACK.
K to K 4th
K takes Kt

PROBLEM No. 2066.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A smart Skirmish between Mr. A. MARRIOTT, of Nottingham, and another Amateur.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. K to B 2nd	B to K B 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	13. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
3. P to Q 4th		14. R to B sq	Kt to K 6th (ch)
		15. B takes Kt	R takes B
		16. B takes B	Q takes B (ch)
		17. K to Kt 2nd	Q R to K sq
		18. R to K sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
		19. P to B 5th	
		19. Q to Kt 3rd, then follows 13. Q to Q 4th, &c.	
		20. K to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 5th (ch)
		21. P takes B	Q takes P (Q 3rd)
		22. K to B 2nd	Q to B 5th
		23. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th
		24. K to Kt 2nd	Kt takes Kt
		25. Q to Q B 2nd	Kt to R 5th (ch), and White resigned.
		11. K R to K sq	

Lovers of problems all over the world will join with us in tendering a hearty welcome to Mr. Campbell on his return to the chess arena after twenty years' retirement. Our problem this week affords ample evidence that this master of problem art retains all the constructive skill and freshness of thought which charmed problem solvers of the last generation.

The great tournament of one hundred players at the City of London Chess Club is making good progress, and attracts a large number of spectators on the evenings of play. The first round was brought to a conclusion on Friday last week. It is worth noting that the list of one hundred competitors includes representatives of every European nation.

The award of the prizes in a problem tourney organised by the South Australian Chronicle has been announced, and it is as follows:—For the best set, Mr. W. J. McArthur; for the next best set, Mr. L. Warnecke; for the best two-move problem, Mr. A. Greenway; for the best three-move problem, Mr. J. W. Abbott, of London. Among the competitors we notice the names of J. G. Chancellor, G. J. Slater, W. Coates, Herr von Gottschall, of Leipzig; J. Jespersen, of Copenhagen; and C. Orsini, of Leghorn; all composers of merit, whose works are well known to readers of the Illustrated London News.

The annual soirée of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institute Chess Club was held on the 17th inst., and was attended by a large number of visitors from Derby. An offhand contest was speedily arranged, sixteen of Nottingham against a like number from Derby, and it resulted in a victory for the home team with a score of twelve to three and six drawn. A supper followed, at which Mr. Hamel, president of the Nottingham club, occupied the chair.

In a club match, twelve a side, North London scored a victory against Kentish Town on the 18th inst. by six games to three, three drawn.

At the final meeting of the managing committee of the late London International tournament, the treasurer's account, showing a balance in hand of £280, was passed. A testimonial, consisting of a piece of plate value £25, is to be presented to Mr. Hoffer, the honorary foreign secretary, and one of the value of £50 to Mr. Minchin, the honorary secretary. The balance will be devoted to the book of the games played in the tournament.

Dr. Zukertort sailed on the 20th inst. for New York in the Alaska from Liverpool. In his tour through the States the champion carries with him the "hearty good wishes" of the chess community of London. Prior to his departure, Dr. Zukertort was entertained at dinner by the North London Chess Club, when he announced his intention of taking up the challenge of Herr Steinitz on his return to England in the spring of next year.

A fine specimen of Bohemian composition is the following problem by G. Chocholous, of Prague:—
White: K at Q B 8th; Q at K B sq; Kts at Q Kt 7th and Q 5th; B at K 5th; Pawns at Q Kt 4th and Q B 2nd. (Seven pieces.)
Black: K at K 5th; R's at K R 3rd and 4th; Kt at K B sq; Pawns at K Kt 3rd and K R 5th. (Six pieces.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

We regret to announce the death of M. A. Delaunoy, who was, until recently, a familiar figure in metropolitan chess circles. About two years ago M. Delaunoy retired to Enghien, in Belgium, at which place he died on July 19 last, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. The deceased gentleman was known as a player of great force and ingenuity so far back as 1832, but it was not until 1842, when he became associated with St. Amant in editing the *Palamède*, that his fame became world-wide. His contributions to that periodical, marked by much pleasing enthusiasm for chess and its associations, were among its principal attractions, and maintained its public favour for many years. Since that time, articles, essays, and romances from his pen have graced every chess periodical of the period in Europe and America. The *Palamède* was succeeded by *La Régence*, that by the *Néo Régence*, and that by *La Stratégie*, and to all of these he was a constant contributor, witty, humorous, and, above all things, cheerful. He was highly esteemed in London chess circles, especially among the members of the City Club, by whom his death will be sincerely mourned.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, signed Aug. 30, 1883, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Feb. 6, 1882), of Mr. William Dickson, of Morelands Grange, Loun, Edinburgh, who died on June 25 last, granted to Archibald Dickson, the brother, Walter Macmillan Scott, Arthur Francis Macmillan Scott, George Pott, and James Thomas Spencer Elliot, jun., the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 27th ult., the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £83,000.

The will (dated July 28, 1883) of Mr. William Thomas Watson, late of The Limes, Cumberland-road, Bristol, who died on July 30 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Charles Harris Wood, Clifford Bower, and Cyril Edward Layington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator leaves £500 to the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, Essex; £200 each to the Bristol Royal Infirmary, the Bristol General Hospital, and the Weston-super-Mare Sanatorium; his freehold residence, with the plate and furniture, to his son John; £20,000 Three per Cent Reduced Annuities, upon trust, for his said son John for life, and then for his children; £20,000 like annuities, upon trust, for his son's wife, Mrs. Maria Watson, so long as she remains his wife or widow, and then upon the same trusts as the first-mentioned annuities; £20,000 like annuities, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Annie Elizabeth Sandford, for life, and then as she shall appoint; and legacies to his housekeeper and others. The residue of his estate and effects he gives to Thomas Oxford and John Henry Clarke.

The will (dated April 10, 1837) of Monsieur Paul Emile Flury, officer of the Legion of Honour, formerly Director of the Department of Foreign Affairs, late of the Château des Bordes, Commune de la Celle des Bordes, Seine et Oise, France, who died at Cannes on Feb. 21 last, was proved in London on the 3rd inst. by Madame Jeanne Louise Amélie Gilbert Flury, the widow, the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court exceeding £46,000. The testator first leaves to his wife all that the law allows him to dispose of in her favour; but, in the event of there being children or issue of their marriage (which, we believe, was the case), he reduces her interest to one fourth and the usufruct of another fourth.

The will (dated April 20, 1878), with a codicil (dated April 28, 1883), of Mrs. Caroline Leigh Gascoigne (widow of General Ernest Frederick Gascoigne), late of No. 14, Lowndes-square, who died on June 11 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Mrs. Evelyn Henrietta Nugent, the daughter, Lieut.-Colonel William Julius Gascoigne, the son, and Major-General Edward Gascoigne Bulwer, C.B., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testatrix, after making some specific gifts to her children and to her brother, Martin Tucker Smith, and bequeathing £100 to each of her executors, leaves £7000, upon trust, for her son Clifton; a like sum, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Helen Prevost; £6000, upon trust, for her son William Julius; £5000, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Nugent; and the residue of her moneys, securities, estate, and effects, to her last-named daughter.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1880), with a codicil (dated Dec. 22, 1882), of the Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Amelia Trotter, late of Laurel Lodge, Barnet, Herts, who died on July 16 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Henry Trotter, Edward Trotter, and Stuart Trotter, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The moneys brought into settlement by herself and her late husband, and also a sum of £30,000 under her husband's will, over which she had a power of appointment, are made into a common fund; and considerable legacies and appointments are made by the testatrix to her children, having regard to the appointments and settlements already made in their favour. There are specific gifts to her son Frederic and her daughters, Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Holden; and legacies to sons-in-law and daughters-in-law; and the residue of her property she gives to her son Henry. The deceased was the seventh daughter of the first Baron Ravensworth.

The will (dated May 21, 1875), with two codicils (dated April 1, 1879, and Jan. 14, 1882, of the Rev. Sydney Gedge, formerly Vicar of All Saints', Northampton, late of All Saints' Lodge, Dorking, who died on Aug. 29 last at Cromer, was proved on the 27th ult. by Sydney Gedge and Edward Francis Gedge, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The legatees are the testator's children, and the widow and children of his deceased son, Johnson Hall Gedge.

The Long Vacation ended on Wednesday, when the Autumn Assizes began, and two of the Lords Justices of Appeal, six of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, and one Judge of the Chancery Division left town to hold them.

Amid rain and snow the new Meteorological Observatory on the top of Ben Nevis, at a height of 4100 ft. above sea level, was last week inaugurated by Mrs. Cameron Campbell, of Monzie, in presence of a considerable number of visitors.

The dial of the new clock placed in the tower of the Royal Courts of Justice has been uncovered. The clock, with its opal dial and black figures and hands, is a handsome one, and is plainly visible from the street. Three of the four quarter-bells, weighing, respectively, 12, 15, and 21 cwt., were successfully hoisted into the belfry on Thursday week, and the remaining quarter-bell, weighing 47 cwt., and the hour bell, which weighs 68 cwt., were placed in position on Monday. It is not anticipated that the new clock will be in working order until about the middle of next month.

The New Rules of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which came into operation this week, materially affect the practice both of all barristers and of all solicitors, in the conduct of civil suits, whether in the Queen's Bench Division, at common law, or in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. It is by no means easy for practitioners, even of some experience, to acquire a perfect mastery of this extensive code of minute regulations without the aid of such a very serviceable "Guide to the New Rules and Practice," as one which we desire to recommend. This is a small volume, by Mr. Robert Woodfall, barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, a member of the South Wales Circuit. He has judiciously forbore to reprint all the New Rules *in extenso*, and has omitted all those which are identical with the old rules, while he gives a clear and exact synopsis of those which are either quite new, or a revival of former regulations. Wherever a comparison of any new rule with the old rule on the same point of procedure is desirable, the effect of the old rule is stated, and there are frequent notes, and references to cases illustrative of the point, which are printed in smaller type on the same page, immediately following the text of the New Rule to which they refer. In some instances, likewise, the prescribed "forms," instead of being put into the Appendix, are immediately subjoined to the Rules which direct their use. The convenience of this arrangement, for practical guidance, will at once be perceived. The volume, which is furnished with an Index very logically designed, will be acceptable to both branches of the legal profession. It is published by Messrs. Stevens and Sons, of Chancery-lane.

O U R F I S H I N G I N D U S T R I E S .



HERRING-BOATS ON LOCH FYNE.

O U R F I S H I N G I N D U S T R I E S .



PRAWN-FISHING AT HASTINGS.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF DONEGALL, K.P.

The Most Honourable George Hamilton Chichester, Marquis and Earl of Donegall, Earl of Belfast, Viscount Chichester, and Baron of Belfast, in the Peerage of Ireland, Baron Fisherwick, in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Ennishowen and Carrickfergus in that of the United Kingdom, K.P., G.C.H., P.C., F.R.S., died on the 20th inst. at Brighton. His Lordship, the head of the Irish branch of the ancient house of Chichester, was born Feb. 10, 1797, the eldest son of George Augustus, second Marquis, K.P.; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and in early life served as Captain, 7th Hussars. From 1818 to 1820 he sat in the House of Commons for Carrickfergus, from 1820 to 1830 for Belfast, and from 1830 to 1837 for the county of Antrim. He held office as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1831 to 1834, and as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, 1848 to 1852. In 1841, being then (during the life-time of his father) Earl of Belfast, he was created a peer as Baron Ennishowen and Carrickfergus; and in 1844 succeeded to the marquise of Donegall. He married, first, Dec. 8, 1822, Harriet Anne, eldest daughter of Richard, first Earl of Glengall; and secondly, Feb. 26, 1862, Harriet, eldest daughter of Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart., and widow of Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Ashworth, K.C.B. By the former (who died Sept. 14, 1860) he had one son, Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast, who died, unmarried, Feb. 11, 1853, aged twenty-five, and one daughter, Harriet Augusta Anna Seymourina, married to Lord Ashley. The Marquis, having thus left no male issue, the family honours devolve on his brother, the Very Rev. Lord Edward Chichester, Dean of Raphoe, now fourth Marquis of Donegall. The nobleman whose death we record was A.D.C. to the Queen, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Antrim, Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, and Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding 4th Volunteer Battalion Rifle Brigade.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

The Right Hon. George Philip Stanhope, eighth Earl of Chesterfield, and Baron Stanhope, of Sheldford, in the county of Notts, died on the 19th inst. He was born Nov. 29, 1821, the only son of Captain Charles George Stanhope, by Jane, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir James Galbraith, Bart.; and succeeded to the title at the death of his kinsman, George Philip Cecil Arthur, seventh Earl, Dec. 1, 1871. He married, first, April 8, 1856, Marianne, daughter of Mr. William Roche; secondly,

March 7, 1877, Catherine Jane Jarvis, only daughter of Mr. John Hildebrand Bond, of Belfast; and thirdly, Dec. 7, 1882, Agnes, daughter of Mr. James Payne. By his first wife (who died Dec. 18, 1875) he had an only child, Philip Laurence John, who died, in his third year, Sept. 1, 1860. The honours of the historic House of Chesterfield now pass to the deceased nobleman's cousin, Sir Henry Edwyn Chandos Scudamore Stanhope, Bart., of Holme Lacy, as ninth Earl.

SIR A. H. ELTON, BART.

Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, seventh Baronet, of Clevedon Court, Somerset, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1857, died on the 14th inst. He was born April 19, 1818, the third son of Sir Charles Abraham Elton, sixth Baronet, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his father in 1853, his two elder brothers having been unfortunately drowned off Weston-super-Mare. He was educated at Sandhurst, and served in the 14th Foot, from which he retired in 1841. In that year he married Rhoda Susan, daughter of Mr. James Willis, of Hampton Court Palace, and widow of Captain Baird, 15th Hussars. She died in 1873, and Sir Arthur married, secondly, in 1876, Eliza, daughter of Mr. Edward-Anstice Stradling, and widow of the Rev. William Mathias, Incumbent of Burtle, Somerset. By his first wife he leaves two daughters, Laura Beatrice, married, 1864, to Mr. G. L. M. Gibbs, of Belmont, and Mary-Agnes, married, 1868, to her cousin, now Sir Edmund Harry Elton, who succeeds his uncle as eighth Baronet: he was born May 3, 1846, and has two sons and three daughters. The late Sir Arthur was the Liberal M.P. for Bath 1857 to 1859.

THE DOWAGER LADY GOOCH.

Harriet, Dowager Lady Gooch, died on the 17th inst. at her residence, 42, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, aged sixty-four. She was third daughter of Mr. James Joseph Hope-Vere, of Craigie, in the county of Linlithgow, by Lady Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the seventh Marquis of Tweeddale. She married, first, March 1, 1839, Sir Edward Sherlock Gooch, Bart., of Benacre Hall, Suffolk; and secondly, June 20, 1858, Major John St. Leger, 14th Dragoons. Her first husband died Nov. 9, 1856; and her second, April 20, 1868. By the former she had four sons and five daughters. Three of the sons inherited the baronetcy in succession, the present being the youngest.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Adelaide Georgiana FitzClarence, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Munster, who was eldest son of King William IV., by Mrs. Jordan, on the 11th inst., aged sixty-two.

Mr. John Newton Mappin, a well-known Sheffield brewer, on the 22nd inst. It is stated that he has left a magnificent collection of pictures, valued at over £60,000, to Sheffield, with £15,000 to erect a building for their reception.

Lady Fanny Georgiana Elizabeth Sinclair, only daughter of James, fourteenth Earl of Caithness, F.R.S., by Louisa Georgiana, his first wife, daughter and coheir of Sir George Richard Philips, Bart., of Weston.

Major-General George Elliot Voyle, late Bengal Royal Artillery, on the 2nd inst., aged fifty-nine. This distinguished officer, who entered the Bengal Artillery in 1841, was in the Sutlej campaign, at Aliwal and Sobraon, and in the Burmese campaign.

Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, on the 20th inst., aged seventy-six, after a long illness. Mr. Gaselee was the son of the late Mr.

Justice Gaselee, was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1832, was created a serjeant-at-law in 1840, and subsequently represented Portsmouth in the House of Commons in the Liberal interest.

Colonel Robert William Hamilton, of Holyfield Hall, Essex, J.P., on the 3rd inst., aged fifty. He was a descendant of the Hamiltons of Wishaw, in whom vested the peerage of Belhaven. Colonel Hamilton served with the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea, was wounded at the Alma, and fought at Balaklava and Inkerman.

Mr. John Adair, M.A., barrister-at-law, well known as author of "The Culture of Ornamental Flowers and Plants in Cities and Towns," and also by his professional work on "The Law of Costs," on the 14th ult. He was secretary to Lord Chancellor Napier, and at the time of his death was "father of his circuit, the North-East Bar. He married Letitia Anne, daughter of Sir Ross Mahon, Bart., and leaves issue.

General Andrew Macqueen, Bengal Staff Corps, on the 3rd inst. He entered the Army in 1839, served under General Nott with the Candahar force, on its advance to Ghuznee and Cabul; was throughout the Sutlej campaign, at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon; and in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, at Cawnpore, Lucknow, Barce, and Simree. He attained the rank of Major-General in 1881.

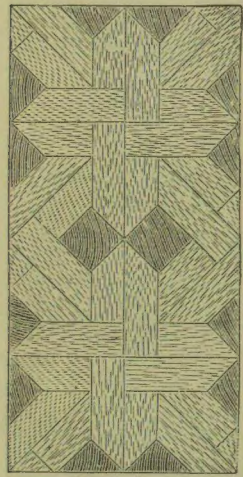
Mr. Egerton Vernon Harcourt, of White, near Malton, the youngest surviving son of the late Archbishop Harcourt, and uncle of Sir William V. Harcourt, died recently. Mr. Harcourt, who was in his eighty-first year, took distinguished honours at Oxford, and was afterwards called to the Bar, going the Northern circuit. He married Louisa Emma, daughter of Sir William Milner, and was Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the East Riding, and Justice of the Peace for the North Riding, and Registrar for the Diocese of York.

Captain William Henry Bridge, R.N., aged seventy-three, son of Major John Bridge, of the 45th Regiment. He served during the first Burmese war (medal and Ava clasp), was Gunner Lieutenant of H.M.S. Southampton, and covered the landing of the troops at the recapture of Natal in 1846: senior Gunner Lieutenant of H.M.S. Vengeance during the bombardment of Odessa and the landing of the Crimean Expedition; and Senior Lieutenant on shore of the Naval Brigade during the siege of Sebastopol. He had the Crimean and Turkish medals, and the fifth class Medjidie.

The Right Rev. Augustus Short, D.D., late Bishop of Adelaide, South Australia, on the 5th inst., at Eastbourne, aged eighty. He was third son of Mr. Charles Short, barrister-at-law, was educated at Westminster, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1823 (first class, Literæ Humaniores). From 1835 to 1847 he was Vicar of Ravenshorpe, and preached the Bampton Lectures in 1846. In the following year he was consecrated the first Bishop of Adelaide, and resigned in 1882. He married, 1836, a daughter of Mr. Philips, of Culham.

Mr. Davies, M.P. for the Cardigan Boroughs, has promised £500 annually for the next six years in support of the University College of Wales at Aberystwith.

The memorial-stone of a Home for Incurables, in connection with St. Peter's Home at Kilburn, was laid last week by the Bishop of Winchester at Woking. The site, which covers seven acres of land, has been given by Mrs. Gibbs, and the first wing of the institution is being founded, at a cost of about £12,000, by Mr. Lancaster. The whole structure is estimated to cost over £30,000.



HOWARD & SONS, DECORATORS

AND

FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.

PARQUET FLOORS

AND

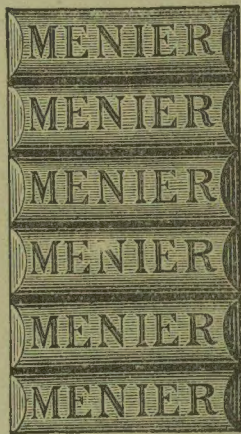
WOODWORK FOR INTERIORS.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON APPLICATION.

HOWARD & SONS,

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS-ST., LONDON, W.

AND CLEVELAND WORKS.



CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Awarded Thirty-two Prize Medals.

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION

EXCEEDS

25,000,000 lbs.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR WAS AWARDED TO MENIER.

THE SEEMING MYSTERY OF CHOLERA AND FEVER.



The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets; when the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete (or waste) matter is left floating in the blood; under these circumstances, should the poison-germ of Cholera or Fever be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, anyone whose liver and other organs are in a normal or healthy condition may be subjected to precisely the same condition, as to the contagious influences, and yet escape Cholera and Fever. This, I consider, explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared to a weed (and a very ugly one too), but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is, the germ of Cholera or Fever—and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root, any more than a weed could do on a flagstone; and, on the other hand, a person may have the soil (that is, disordered secretions, &c.) very favourable for the disease, and still he escapes. Why? Because the soil was prepared, but there was no seed. Hence the importance and great value of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which, under all circumstances, keeps the secretions normal; if only as a preventive against and sure remedy for poisoned blood, biliousness, sick headaches, &c., no one ought to be without it.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT removes poisonous matter caused by impure or vitiated air, errors of eating or drinking, &c., by natural means. No one is safe without having at hand some efficient means of warding off blood poisons. After a very patient and careful observation, extending over many years, of the effects of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, I have not the least hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a single travelling trunk or portmanteau would be without it.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—"We have for the last four years used your Fruit Salt during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of Fruit Salt had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or tramping through swampy districts, we have used the Fruit Salt two or three times a day. The Fruit Salt acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer: E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London."

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

CAUTION.—Legal rights are protected in every civilised country. Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

SPENCE'S
VELVETEENS

100 COLOURS
IN EVERY SHADE

GUARANTEED
FAST DYE
29-36/46

76, 77, 78, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

JAMES SPENCE and CO., 76, 77, 78, 79, St. Paul's-churchyard. London.

LADIES' DRESSES AND THE PARCELS POST.
Every Lady in Great Britain, and, in fact, all over the world, can dress fashionably and economically if she purchase direct from the City of London through the new Parcels Post.
Spence's System of Sending Patterns of all the Latest Novelties in dress has proved one of the greatest boons. Ladies residing in the country or abroad can choose their dresses at home from the splendid assortment of patterns sent, saving time and trouble; also purchase at the Wholesale City Price. The new Autumn patterns, Silks, Dresses, Velveteens, Mantle and Ulster Cloths, now ready. Sent free on application to all parts of the globe. Parcels over £1 value sent, carriage paid, throughout the United Kingdom.
OVER 50,000 PATTERNS SENT DAILY.
Send a post-card stating what class of goods are required, and about what price desired, and a first-class selection will be sent by return of post. All goods dispatched the same day as order received.

Carat Gold.
BRACELETS,
BROOCHES,
18 LOCKETS,
RINGS.

THE GREAT DIAMONDS OF THE WORLD. Second Edition. By EDWIN W. STREETER, F.R.G.S. Price 7s. 6d.

Mr. STREETER,
GEM MERCHANT & GOLDSMITH,
BOND-STREET, W.
LONDON. CEYLON. JAPAN.

No Lower Standard of Gold used than 18-Carat.

PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS. Third Edition. By EDWIN W. STREETER, F.R.G.S. Price 15s.

NICHOLSON'S

NEW SAMPLES.

PATTERNS FREE.

Satin Soleil, Serges, Velours, Fancy Mixtures, Bradford Cloths, Estamenes, Merinos, Cashmeres, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Moires, Plushes, Brocades, Brocade Velvets, and all Fashionable Fabrics.

PATTERNS FREE.

Illustrations of Newest Mantles and Costumes Post-Free

Velvet-Velveteen, perfectly Fast Dye, in Black and all the newest shades.

D. NICHOLSON & CO.,
50, 51, 52, and 53, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.
AND COSTUME COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE.



NUBIAN WATERPROOF BLACKING.

The Original Self-shining Blacking gives an instantaneous bright polish without brushing. One application will last a week through rain, mud, or snow. Does not injure the leather, and is free from acid. Is a household requisite, and has a hundred uses for renovating all leather goods: also recommended for metal, paper, or wood, where a lasting black polish is wanted.

Sold Everywhere, at 1s. and 2s. per Bottle.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

NUBIAN OIL PASTE BLACKING.

Same as now supplied by us to Her Majesty's Government. In Tin Boxes. Will keep moist in any climate. Gives much better polish than all others with less brushing. Prepared in a special manner by our new and improved steam machinery.

Sold Everywhere, 1d., 2d., and 3d. per Tin.
ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED.

NUBIAN JAPAN BLACKING.

In Stone Bottles. Gives a most brilliant and lasting polish, and will retain its qualities in any climate, while at the same time it nourishes and preserves the leather. Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
USE NO OTHER.

LADIES' PET BOOT POLISH.

A Vegetable Dressing, especially for Ladies' Use, easily applied with sponge attached to cork. Does not harden or crack the leather, or peel off, and even in wet weather will not soil the most delicate clothing.

Sold Everywhere, 6d. per Bottle.
BE SURE AND ASK FOR THE "PET."

Prepared by the NUBIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Smithfield Chemical Works, 8 and 9, Hosier-lane, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

THE
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN
IS
"The favourite and most fashionable material of the day."
THE WEAR OF EVERY YARD IS GUARANTEED
by the Manufacturer, and every yard of the genuine bears the name
"LOUIS"
Patterns and prices post-free from nearly all drapers throughout the kingdom.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING-HILL, W.
10,000 VARIETIES OF DRESS FABRICS.

Supply every Quality in Black and all Colours of the above beautiful "LOUIS" VELVETEEN, from 1s. 9d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

PATTERNS POST-FREE.

Also, Chapman's ANGLO-INDIAN CASHMERE, 20s. the piece, or 2s. 6d. per yard, 44 in. wide. Sixty Colourings, and Black.

PATTERNS FREE.



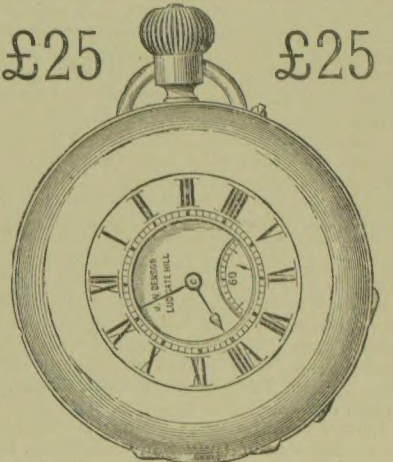
MAPPIN & WEBB,
SHEFFIELD MANUFACTURERS,
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, E.C.,
AND
OXFORD-STREET, W., LONDON.

STERLING SILVER.
ELECTRO-SILVER.
FINEST CUTLERY.
CATALOGUES FREE.

FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES OR FOR HUNTING AND ROUGH WEAR.

BENSON'S SPECIALLY-MADE

£25 £25



GOLD ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER,

CONSTRUCTED WITH PATENT BREGUET SPRING WHICH ENTIRELY COUNTERACTS THE SUDDEN VARIATION CAUSED IN ORDINARY LEVER WATCHES BY HUNTING, &c. JEWELLED AND ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. GUARANTEED ENTIRELY OF MY BEST ENGLISH MAKE, TO KEEP PERFECT TIME UNDER THE MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, AND TO LAST A LIFETIME. MADE IN TWO SIZES. HALF-HUNTER (AS SKETCH, LARGER SIZE), HUNTER OR CRYSTAL GLASS. SENT FREE AND SAFE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FOR £25 DRAFT WITH ORDER. SILVER, SAME QUALITY, £15. PAMPHLETS FREE, GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS WATCH AND ALL OTHERS MADE AT

BENSON'S, LUDGATE-HILL, AND OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON.
Established 1749.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

VIOLINS
VIOLONCELLOS
GUITARS
BANJOES
HARMONIUMS
PIANOS
CORNETS
BAND INSTRUMENTS
MUSICAL BOXES
FLUTES
CONCERTINAS
DRUMS
MELODIONS.

G. BUTLER,
29, Haymarket, London.
Illustrated Catalogue (Fifty Pages) Post-free.

NESTLÉ'S FOR

The only Perfect Substitute for MOTHER'S MILK. **INFANTS.**

Recommended by the **MILK**

HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

Prepared at Vevey, Switzerland. **FOOD.**

SOLD BY CHEMISTS & GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

MUSICAL BOXES.

UNRIVALLED STOCK,

ALL NEWEST ACCOMPANIMENTS.

Catalogues of Tunes and Prices Gratis.

WALES & McCULLOCH,
20 and 22, LUDGATE-HILL;

AND

56, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

has been known for more than eighty years to be the best and safest preserver and beautifier of the hair; it contains no lead, mineral, or poisonous ingredient, and can now also be had in a golden colour, which is specially recommended for fair and golden-haired children and persons. Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to four small), and 21s.

Ask for ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, of 20, HATTON-GARDEN, LONDON.
Sold everywhere.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET.
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN.
RUSSELL'S MANUFACTURERS.
SUPPLY A. AT TRADE. GIVING A MONTHS' APPROVAL. AT RUSSELL'S. RISK AND COST.
CATHEDRAL WORKS 18 Church St. SILVERPOOL.
ORDERS PAYABLE TO T. R. RUSSELL.

ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL,
WESTGATE-ON-SEA
(One hour and three quarters from London).

ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL.
FOR TARIFF APPLY TO MANAGER.

ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL has recently been built, regardless of expense, to supply the demand of the increasing number of visitors to the most rising seaside resort on the East Coast, WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

PARCELS POST
FOR **TEN SHILLINGS**
PARKINS AND COTTO.
OXFORD ST. LONDON W.
SEND BY POST anywhere in the United Kingdom.
360 Sheets of Superfine Note Paper
300 Court Shaped Envelopes
STAMPED in COLOR with any
TWO LETTER MONOGRAM, ADDRESS or CREST.

A CENTENARIAN "MAID OF KENT."

"The Real Maid of Kent," we are informed by a Maidstone correspondent, referring to our recently-published drawing of a charming young lady in the hop-garden, is Miss Catherine Heathorn, a venerable and generally beloved old lady, who attained her hundredth year on Lady Day last. We are much obliged to the Rev. Thomas Harvey, Vicar of St. Faith's, Maidstone, for sending us her Portrait, which will give pleasure to her neighbours there, and to our readers all over the world. He has known her for many years past, and he states that she was baptized in All Saints' Church, Maidstone, on April 17, 1783. The *Maidstone Standard* of March 30 this year contained a brief Memoir of this lady, who is a daughter of Mr. Robert Heathorn, formerly a brewer of Maidstone, but seems to have passed some years of her life at Gravesend, and latterly to have returned to her native town, where she lives at the house of her grand-niece, Mrs. A. E. Rowcroft. She had an opportunity soon after the battle of Trafalgar, which was fought on October 21, 1805, of going on board the "Victory," Nelson's flagship, when it came home, and saw the decks stained with blood and torn with bullets and cannon-shot. Miss Heathorn's private deeds of charity, "her gentle thoughtfulness for all who are in need or in sorrow," and her delightful cheerfulness in extreme old age, her "love for all, even for the erring," are strongly attested by a local correspondent, who ascribes these virtues of the Maid of Kent to "her earnest piety and thorough trust in the All-Father." She still enjoys the full use of nearly all her faculties.

LOCH FYNE HERRING FISHERY.

Our Artist's drawing represents a couple of Scotch fishermen employed in arranging in their boat, on the shore of Loch Fyne, the long nets which have been hung up to dry upon a lofty frame of timber, and which a third man is handing down to his comrades. The herring fishery of this and other inlets of the Firth of Clyde, and on the shores of Bute, Arran, and Cantyre, and the opposite Ayrshire coast, is of great importance. In Loch Fyne the chief fishing stations are Inverary, at the north end of the Loch, Ardrishaig, eighteen miles south of Inverary, at a part where the loch narrows to a strait less than two miles wide, and Tarbert, which is ten miles below Ardrishaig. The loch is a hundred fathoms deep near its entrance from the Firth of Clyde, where it has a width of five miles, but the depth lessens to twenty fathoms in the narrower part above. It is rarely to be observed that the herring fishery, which is essentially of a deep-sea character, is practised in such land-locked waters as these; and the shoals of fish do not always penetrate far into the loch, but some are usually found in August and September, going out afterwards, for the most part, southward to the spawning-grounds. They have been known, in former years, to visit even Loch Long and the Gareloch, but their movements have now become very uncertain. The drift-net is commonly employed for the local herring fishery, in deep water, as on the other parts of the coast of Scotland; but the seine, placed in a circle to inclose the whole shoal of fish, as is done in the pilchard-fishery of Cornwall, has been found very effective near the shore. The herrings, when inclosed in the circle of the seine, can either be taken up by boats, or hauled on to the beach. This method is used where the water is shallow enough for the foot of the net to touch the bottom. There is considerable rivalry between the seine fishermen and the drift-



THE REAL MAID OF KENT: MISS C. HEATHORN, OF MAIDSTONE, AGED 100.

net fishermen, notwithstanding their different requirements of fishing-ground: and the latter have long complained that the seine catches all sizes of fish, thereby injuring the fishery, and that it sometimes frightens the shoals of herring away. These questions were fully examined by a Royal Commission twenty years ago, and in 1867 and 1868 Acts of Parliament were passed allowing every class of fishermen to use whatever sort they like. The legal restrictions imposing a close time, five months of the year, for the herring fishery of these waters, were also relaxed, partly because much distress was caused to the people by the want of herrings as an article of food, and partly also by the necessity of getting a supply of herring to be cut up and used as bait in the cod fishery, which is of much greater commercial value.

A CHINESE FLOUR-MILL.

The peculiar method of grinding corn, or rather pulverising it in a mortar, by raking over it large pieces of heavy stone, which is commonly practised in Chi-li, one of the northern provinces in China, is illustrated in a Sketch by one of our Artists who lately travelled in that country. The vessel used as a mortar is a kind of basket, with interstices along its sides,

through which the coarse flour descends upon the table, and is there shovelled up and collected, to be afterwards passed through the sieves, a pair of which, in large square frames divided into several compartments, are seen resting against the wall. The pounding process needs to be repeated again and again, before the flour is reduced to a state fit for making bread. Millet is consumed far more abundantly, in the North of China, than wheat, barley, or any other cereal grain; but throughout the middle and southern provinces, rice is the staple article of food, together with pork, fish, white cabbage, gourds, and cucumbers. The rice-mill employed in those districts is composed of two circular stones; the upper stone, which has a wide opening in the centre to put in the rice for grinding, is made to revolve by a long lever fixed to it, worked by a man walking round and round, or sometimes by an ass or a mule. Although so deficient in machinery for the proper treatment of grain, the Chinese agriculturists are very industrious, manuring and tilling their small plots of land with incessant care and labour, while they keep but few cattle, as beef and mutton are seldom eaten by any except the richer classes, and dairy produce is scarcely known among the country people.

PRAWN FISHING AT HASTINGS.

The pools among the rocks outside the east cliff at Hastings abound with the small crustacean which is much in request for the breakfast table of visitors to that pleasant seaside town, and they are nowhere to be found of better quality. The business of catching them with a simple drop-net lowered at the end of a pole, as shown in our Illustration, sufficiently explains itself without any further comment. Strictly speaking, it ought not to be called a "fishery," any more than the catching of lobsters and crabs, for these marine animals, as we have remarked, are not fishes at all. Young prawns taken on our south coast out of season are frequently sold as shrimps.

With reference to the consumption both of crabs and lobsters, and of these smaller crustaceans, Mr. T. Cornish, in one of the Handbooks to the International Fisheries Exhibition, observes that "there exist several other species of crustaceans which attain maturity at a size of from three to five inches across the back which we never think of eating, but which yet are full of excellent meat. We make a delicacy of the river crayfish, but we despise, or rather utterly ignore, the spider crab, the shore crab, the two larger *Xanthos*, the velvet swimming crab, the *Galathea* (squat lobsters), and many others. Of all of these, untold stores might be captured along all our rocky sea-shores, and all of them yield good food in larger quantities, and with not much more trouble, than would an average prawn. We do not trouble about them, and their capture is, as I have shown, a chance affair; but go to the Japanese Department, or the Chinese, in this building, and see what endless pots and models of pots and traps there are exhibited here, designed on purpose to catch prawns and shrimps, but which would also catch these wasted treasures of the sea, if they were looked after."

The Common Council have adopted the recommendation of the Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee, that the Remembrancer should introduce into Parliament a bill continuing the City of London grain duty beyond such period from its cessation as the Legislature might determine.



A CHINESE FLOUR MILL, PROVINCE OF CHI-LI, NORTH CHINA.